THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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AWAKENED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There is a new born glory in the skies,
The sunsets never showed such radiant dyes,
The stars ne'er shone with such bewildering eyes!
All things created are to beauty given;
And earth has borrowed the delights of Heaven!

The birds and streams sing more celestial airs,
The wild old forest a new splendor wears—
All that I view with love my heart ensnares!
When the whole soul its full love wealth is giving,
There is an ecstasy in simply living.

The atmosphere is full of rare, sweet stills,
A mystic something all the broad space fills—
The winds that touch me sweep th' Eternal Hills!
And through the crimson clouds of mist that rise,
I almost catch a glimpse of Paradise!

A life like this were fullest perfectness!
Heaven, to be Heaven, must own no glory less—
Else would it lack in royal blessedness!—
And even there amid the waste of flowers,
Our longing hearts might turn to these charmed hours!

Beloved! it is a gracious thing to know
Thyself beloved! and more than all below
That love should cherished be! but ah, not so!
For a true woman, loving while she lives,
Loves not the love she takes, but that she gives!

Farmington, N. H.

A HEART STRUGGLE.

PART THE FIRST.

My father—Edward Hayman, Esq., at the post-office, but more familiarly called the Squire—lived with my mother and myself at the little Scotch village of Ivibaugh. Our house, with its grounds, lay in the immediate vicinity of the village, and not far from the parish church. The country for many miles round was low and marshy; but our house, being slightly elevated above the plain, was not unhealthy. It was a lonely house, and had been occupied hundreds of years before by some tilting baron and his proud-faced dame. In summer, the marshes around looked green and monotonous, sunny, and without a tree. In winter, when the snow fell and the wind blew, the old house shook, and the white plains around changed their hues quickly and tranceedly, like the face of a dying man.

My father was an English gentleman of liberal means, and liked his dull acres better than brilliant streets; but he laid no claim to the popular and much-misunderstood title of old English gentleman. He ate and drank sparingly; he never swore. Sedentary habits, contracted in early life, made him regard out-of-door exertion as a bore. A listless and tasteful reader, he busied himself chiefly in the recesses of a small and prettily-lined bandbox, which we called his study. He was a literary idler, not a bookworm. My mother (whom a matrimonial creed of submission rendered pious) made him the small god of the household; for, like many other women, she regarded a domesticity which arose from idleness as a delicate compliment to herself. So, like many other lazy domestic men, my father was stubbornly good natured, and laid down the law absolute to us weak women.

I was an only child. I had been spoilt by my mother before she became a fidget, and by my father before he became domestic. When I attained my eighteenth year, however, I found that neither position nor education could do more for me; and you will be surprised to hear that I was unhappy. Why?

I was "plain."

Of all innocently miserable human beings, your "plain" girl is, to my thinking, most entitled to pity. She sits unnoticed in her corner, while her handsome sisters waltz and coquet under the chandeliers. If good, she is pitied. If ill-natured, she has no power to conceal her defect by awakening the sentiment of beauty. She suffers in silence, not always patiently—for neglect is not always productive of pleasant emotions. Alas, for the plain spinster and for the plain wife! If they do marry, plain girls often become unhappy wives. Either they feel for their husbands a gratitude in proportion to their own personal defects and are consequently deficient in self-dignity; or, having previously been rendered choleal by repeated disappointments, they degenerate into careless slatterns or jealous scolds.

For myself, I became moody and suspicious. I felt in secret the indescribable feminine yearning for a bosom, alien from my own, into which, as into a mould, my young emotions might pour themselves, and form into a purely grateful and happy character. I experienced all the day-dreams peculiar to young women. But—I was "plain." Conscious of this fact, and too proud to unburden my heart through my tongue or eyes, I became moody and suspicious, and was, as a consequence, considered unamiable.

My father was not a sociable man, and we saw few visitors. I had made some few acquaintances at a boarding-school in the south; but the girls, old schoolmates, whom I had occasionally invited to see me, disliked our dull home, and soon hastened to depart from it. Once gone, they seldom returned again. Thus I was gradually left without companions of my own age, and the result was just what any woman wiser than my mother would have anticipated. Mamma thought that I was growing domesticated; but in point of fact I was fast becoming morbid. Habitual isolation from men and things had not rendered my father much sharper-sighted.

Accustomed to study minutely the individuality of the few people I sometimes met, I began to esteem myself a physiognomist. So confident, indeed, was I in the acuteness of my penetration, that I fancied I was able to read the characters of people at a glance. I had Physiognomy to thank for making me fond of the society of the Rev. Mr. Macbraith, the minister of Ivibaugh Church.

For personal appearance, the Rev. Mr. Macbraith was spare, tall, and large of bone; his complexion was olive, and his hair was deep black. His lank and cleanly-shaven face owed its charm to the eyes, which, although deep-set, were bright and piercing, and beamed with mingled sagacity and human kindness. A stranger, passing him in a crowded street, could not have failed to recognize in him a man eccentric and above the common. The tall, sinewy frame, the raven-black and curliess hair, the pensive countenance, formed only a portion of his eccentric figure. For he was accustomed to wear a long-old-fashioned cloak, fastened at the throat by metallic clasps, and a hat much as Guy Fawkes wore, but without the feather. He was younger than either his looks or his dress. He was only thirty-five years old when I first found a friend in him.

As a pastor, Mr. Macbraith was generally liked by his parishioners, however much their canny Scotch heads distrusted his eccentricities. One or two of the gentry, however, opposed him. A hater of cant in any shape, he had been accustomed to, express opinions which these gentry pronounced heterodox. But at the houses of the poor he was a constant visitor. He led a quiet, blameless, almost ascetic life; and his enemies, who could find no vulnerable point in his character, covertly attacked his opinions. By my father he was especially disliked. It was well that my father was not a church-going man, as he and the minister avoided each other on all occasions. When they did meet, Mr. Macbraith was not slow to return incivility with scornful coldness. This was not mere natural want of sympathy with one another. I felt persuaded that at the bottom of their antipathy lay causes in their past life, of which I knew nothing. They had met before; and in their previous meeting lay the secret of their present coldness.

Not until I was eighteen years of age did the Rev. Mr. Macbraith obtain the Ivibaugh living. When he came first to fulfill his pastoral duties among us, I had only just left a boarding-school, where I had passed three dull years. His predecessor had gone over to the English Church, been serviceable to the church party as a pamphleteer, and had just received the reward of charlatanism, in the shape of a fat living and a vague promise of a future bishopric.

"Papa," I said, as we sat at dinner together, "have you heard the name of the new minister?"

Papa listlessly lifted up his eyes from the leading article of the *Times*, and replied in the negative.

"The Rev. Mr. Macbraith."

I was aghast to see my mother turn snowy pale, and tremble as if about to faint. My father's face grew black with anger or terror, and he dropped the newspaper from his quivering fingers.

"Macbraith! What Macbraith?" he gasped, with an effectual effort to appear calm.

"The Rev. Richard Macbraith," I answered, with some anxiety.

At the answer papa arose, and began pacing hurriedly up and down the room, as if unable to control his emotions. He was fearfully agitated, and his face and lips had turned quite white.

"Edward!" cried poor mamma, in a querulous tone.

He made no answer, but turned to me angrily.

"Jessie, who told you that this new minister was named Richard Macbraith?"

"Why, all the village is talking about it; and he is expected to deliver his first sermon to-morrow."

My father was tall and handsome; but his rage made him shrink like a crouching dog.

"And after a'," murmured mamma, in the Doric, plaintively, "it may not be our Richard Macbraith."

"Bah! I am not more certain that I live and breathe than that this is—our curse, our enemy. Oh, it's hard, hard. Why has Fate willed that he and I should again meet face to face, after the long years of ease and safety? Why isn't he dead?"

"He canna hairm you, dear," broke in mamma.

Papa gnashed his teeth together, and laughed in hollow mockery as he sneeringly answered; "Cannot harm me? No. That is, he can't go into a witness-box and swear my life away. He can't rob me of the money I've saved; and he wouldn't if he could—curse him, I'll do him that justice. But I'll tell you, my woman, what he can do. He can creep about with his infernal tales, libel me, and rob me of my good name. He can make the very shopmen turn their backs upon me. He can—" here his eye fell suddenly upon me, and he recollected himself—"Jessie, leave the room."

He waved me away angrily, and I obeyed. By and by mamma came out of the room. I had gone to my bedchamber, and there she found me. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her voice was fretful; but it was her frightened and scared manner that most appalled me.

"It's vera hard indeed, exceedingly hard," she sobbed, "that your puir faither is to be plagued in this way by the man he hates and fears maist. And, Jessie, ye are to avoid Mr. Macbraith as much as possible; but tak' care no' to offend him. Dear me, I kent him when I was no aulder than you; and before I met your puir faither, Richard Macbraith was only a wean then. He is a vera, vera *bad* man; and I would hae gien the warl' rather than that your puir faither should hae met him again."

And mamma went on to say, tearfully, that papa was determined to hear the new minister on the following day, in order to be sure that it was the same person; and that she had tried in vain to persuade him to stop at home. But my father was peremptory, and brooked no advisers. It was arranged that we were all to go to church in company, ostensibly out of the common curiosity to see and hear a new preacher.

Confident in my powers as a physiognomist, I was all curiosity to see the man of whom my father and mother stood in such unwholesome dread. I saw him. He was such as I have already described him; but probably for the reason that my mind had been prejudiced against him beforehand, my first impression of him was not a favorable one. I fancied, somehow, that he had a sinister look; that he was not only unamiable, but sly and secret.

He preached a forcible, but slightly transcendental, sermon, some parts of which were too involved for our simple comprehension. He appeared to wander a good deal in imagination, and to possess a lofty contempt for trifles. Strange to say, my home education considered, I was of an essentially practical turn of mind. I did not dream. I acted always on fixed principles. If I erred, it was because the principles themselves were erroneous.

I must not forget to state that Mr. Macbraith, shortly after entering the pulpit, turned very pale, and seemed violently agitated, on perceiving my father and mother. It was some minutes before he spoke coolly or clearly; but the congregation attributed his agitation to diffidence. Our pew was situated quite close to the pulpit; and I could not help remarking that, throughout the sermon, an inner and irreligious strife was going on in the preacher's bosom. Once or twice his eye fell upon me—sorrowfully, as I could not help fancying.

Mr. Macbraith called upon most of his parishioners, to introduce himself; but he came not near our house.

"I knew him of old," I heard my father say. "He is plotting, plotting."

But we never visited the kirk again. My mother and I walked five miles every Sunday to a neighboring village, and attended service there. My father grumbled at home, and, in his dislike of one man, libelled the clergy generally. Once or twice he met Mr. Macbraith by accident, and gave him a bow, which was half a scowl. On one of these occasions, I saw the lips of the minister curl scornfully, as a dark cloud crept suddenly across his thoughtful features.

Months passed on. The servants told me strange stories about the minister's lonely life. He lived alone in the Manse, attended by an old woman, his housekeeper; and performed the duties of his vocation methodically and successfully.

All at once I began to be interested in him; his animosity to my father, and his lonely life, awakened my curiosity; his practical kindness, of which I heard much, awakened my esteem. I found myself arguing his blameless character and his pensive aspect against the angry words of my father. Surely he could not be a bad man. A strict, severe man, perhaps, but not a bad man. Might not my father, who was hot and headstrong, himself be the wrong-doer? Might not their coldness have arisen from a quarrel, of which my father's hot temper had been the cause? So much for physiognomy. I began to question my own penetration.

It was in one of my rural wanderings that Mr. Macbraith and I first met and exchanged words. It was in summer-time. I was loitering down one of the green country lanes, when I saw him approaching me, with a book in his hand. Before I could avoid him we met face to face. He turned alternately red and pale. Then he took off his hat and bowed.

"Miss Hayman?" he inquired, with a half-smile of encouragement.

I bowed in the affirmative. He went on quietly—

"I have had the pleasure of seeing you, on one occasion, at church."

Here it was my turn to blush, for I remembered that we had only paid his church one visit. Embarrassed and vexed, I unconsciously became rude, and tried to push past him. He did not attempt to detain me. I paused unaware.

"I sincerely trust," he said, "that this is only the beginning of a long and mutual beneficial intercourse. May I hope to have the pleasure of meeting Miss Hayman again?"

"I am sorry," I stammered, blushing, "that my father"—I paused timidly, and he bit hit his lips with an appearance of deep chagrin.

"Is unfortunately prejudiced against me. Well, he has his reasons, of which you happily know nothing." And he added, more impatiently, "Miss Hayman, has your father forbidden you to treat me with less than common civility?"

"I am not aware, sir," I said coldly, "that my conduct has been uncivil."

He broke out passionately—

"It has not. Nevertheless, Miss Hayman, I conjure you to think better of me than to suppose I am your father's enemy, or that I deserve his enmity. I do not. Unwillingly, Heaven knows, I have been his opponent; but my opposition has been that of one deeply wronged. I am now more anxious than ever that this breach should be healed."

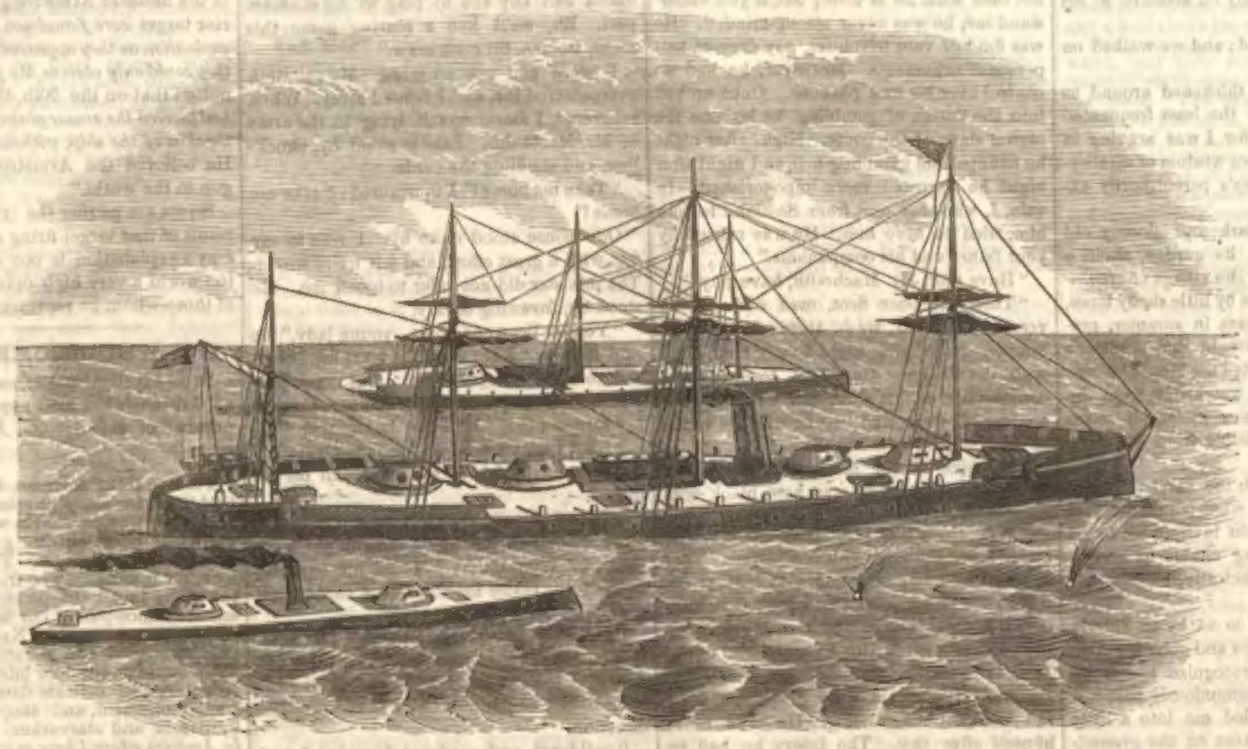
He was gone in a moment, with a wave of the hand. Short as that interview was, it awakened a new interest in my bosom. I was certain in my own mind that Mr. Macbraith was to be sympathized with and pitied. If he had sinned, he was evidently desirous of atoning for his sin. But his own words directly contradicted the supposition that he was the blameable party. What could it all mean? I was afraid to speak to my father about the matter. I knew his violent temper would not admit of an allusion to the subject. He evidently feared, as much as he disliked, the Rev. Mr. Macbraith.

"I know him of old," he would say again and again; "he is plotting against me, plotting."

In the meantime the antagonism between my father and Mr. Macbraith was talked over and commented on, with original exaggerations, by the gossips, and some particular friend let the Presbytery hear of it. The Presbytery, who had a respect for Mr. Macbraith, wrote to inquire into the affair. I suppose the answer was satisfactory, for they made no more inquiries. But my father was greatly to blame. He abused the minister publicly, on all possible occasions; and thus gave a color to the tittle-tattle. Of these attacks the minister took no notice.

Fortunately or unfortunately, fate, or chance, or accident made me meet with Mr. Macbraith again, and again, and again. We met in the broad daylight, with a consciousness (on one side, at least) that we erred in so doing. We became intimate friends. Friends? yes, close and dear friends. The society of the minister had a strange, sad charm for me, and it was even salted and seasoned by fear lest my father should become aware of the intercourse.

We met in the green lanes, always accidentally, out of the reach of prying eyes. We read books together; we compared impressions. Coupled with a subtle imagination, he possessed the shrewed Scotch reasoning faculties; while he charmed me with his ingenuity, he flattered me by his common sense. Say what you please, there is no individual more calculated to please us wise little women, than your educated Scotchman, whom society has robbed of the native unwieldness of mind, and whose penetration has been polished to good manners by contact with men and women. Good breeding has been described as the "graceful recognition of the rights of others." If this description be true, Scotland abounds in well-bred gentlemen.



CAPTAIN COLES'S CUPOLA SHIPS.

We copy from the *London Journal* the above engraving of the cupola iron-plated vessels the English Government is now engaged in constructing. The English periodical referred to, says:—"It has so happened that, owing to the inaptitude of our governing powers to seize upon new ideas, that although as a people we may have been the first to thoroughly appreciate, because we understood, a fresh invention in the art of war, we were generally the last to adopt it. For a long time we obstinately built our ships on the heavy Dutch plan, and did not alter them, although we knew how, until, by capturing French models, we were obliged to admit their superiority. We were always behind the French and Spaniards in cannon, until we had captured some of the finest specimens of their manufacture; and in the matter of projectiles, it is notorious that we never adopted anything—congreve rockets, perhaps, excepted—until we had been taught to do so by the last argument—compulsion. Even in our own time we remained insensible to all suggestions for the improvement of the musket until the exploits of the Minie rifle in Africa, and the needle-gun in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign roused us to some exertion, and we reluctantly began by allowing the Prussian lock to supersede the old flint; and as the emergency increased, we adopted the Enfield rifle, amid lamentations over 'old Brown Bess,' as ridiculous as any ever poured forth at a Methodist tea-meeting.

"The Admiralty has adopted Capt. Coles's inventions in their integrity, and warned by the success of the Monitor, and what is being rapidly done in France, his cupola ships are being pushed forward with an activity which, we suppose, we must accept as commendable, but which would have been more grateful had it been displayed earlier. In all probability we shall, ere long, have a fleet of cupola ships. Our illustration comprises a cupola line-of-battle ship, a cupola frigate, and cupola gun-boat, with bulwarks down, and every preparation made for battle."

Day by day I found some new trait to admire in Mr. Macbraith. His lofty thought, his kindness to the poor, his deference to myself, and even his eccentricity, all charmed me.

Once or twice I laughed at him for indulging in quaint apparel, and pointed out the absurdity of the great cloak and the Guy-Fawkes hat. But he had a Scotch argument wherewith to defend himself. The age, he put it, was one, not of individuals, but of classes. Individual life had died out with Toryism and the Reform Bill of 1830; and society, since the advent of the fourth estate, had become impersonal. He defended the eccentricity of some modern *litterateurs*. Eccentricity, he said, was simply the outburst of the impersonal spirit in its unconscious struggles for individualism. On that understanding, he respected the man who wore a cropped pole. The cropped pole distinguished him from the crowd, and induced self-consciousness. And self-consciousness was an essential element in morals as well as in literature.

Arguments like these, discussed in a laughing manner, pleased us both, and gave us a pretext for seeking each other's society. Now, quite certain that Mr. Macbraith was a man of blameless life, I prayed fervently that he might be reconciled to my father. Why conceal the truth any longer? Let me hasten to the conclusion: I loved Mr. Macbraith. He was seventeen years older than I; but I loved him. With my whole undivided heart, with the fullest spirit of feminine self-sacrifice, I loved him. I would have given away my life to save him a pang. His superior years gave him a strange power over me. I was spell-bound, as it were: struggle as I might, I could not shake off his bewitching influence. I was drawn to him by something beyond myself.

But I was plain. My ill-favor now became a bitter source of annoyance to me. Could it be possible that Mr. Macbraith bestowed any serious affection on one so unattractive? It seemed improbable. His manner towards me was sympathetic, and father-like. He knew nothing of the great chaos of passions struggling within me, and struggling into form of a love which intensified my whole being? I was mistaken. Mr. Macbraith was a man who knew the world. He understood me.

He was the first man who had paid me any attention; how strange that he was the last man to whom, if I obeyed the parental mandate, I should have given my serious affection! But, as I have said, I tried to resist him in vain. His abilities quickened my enthusiasm; his high principles awakened my emulation; his personal attractions—by which I do not mean his mere physical attractions—inflamed my sympathy. I was absorbed out of myself, as it were, and had no individual being. Alone, I felt competent to resist him. In his presence, I was as helpless to resist him as a little child.

One day I ascertained that my intercourse with Mr. Macbraith had not passed wholly unnoticed. I was walking in the garden, when I heard two of the servants talking together—the cook and the housemaid.

"Ye ken the minister, Mistress Agnes?" said Maggie, the housemaid.

"Is it Mr. Macbraith ye mean?" said Agnes. "Och? ay, I ken him weel. He's a braw preacher; but the maister and him hae their wee bit bone to pick thegither; and there'd be the deil to pay if he kent we gangit to his kirk."

"That's just it! There'll be gran' goings on, you maun be sure, if the maister kens that my young lady, his dochter, and the minister are thick wi' ane anither. But it's true, Mistress Agnes. Miss Jessie and Mr. Macbraith hae been seen thegither mair nor ance; and the folk say their company-keepin' will end in a loup i' the blanket and a wedding tocher."

"I canna believe't, woman," said Agnes. "The minister's no' that daft; he wadna commeet himsel' with a puir wean like Miss Jessie. He's aulder than her a heap. What tauld ye?"

"Mistress Henderson, o' the post-office," answered Maggie.

"And what does Mistress Henderson ken o' it? Havers, Maggie."

"Her sister Jean saw them alane, by Rab Gibson's Dyke, a week syne gin Saturday."

I had heard quite enough. I walked away, and left the women to speculate about the matter at their leisure.

Rab Gibson's Dyke, as it was called, was a straggling square of stones in the midst of the marshes, and just below our house. It formed the wall of an unfinished sheepfold, which (tradition had it) had been left uncompleted by one Robert Gibson, a villager, who had been found on the spot murdered and robbed. It was a lonely, unfrequented spot, and for that reason Mr. Macbraith and I often chose it as our place of meeting. Far around it stretched the marshes, covered in summer-time by a thin silver scarf of cobwebmist. The effect of a sunset seen from this spot was superb. In the background lay a line of purple hills.

Two days after I had heard the above conversation, I went to Rab Gibson's Dyke, and near that spot met Mr. Macbraith. It was early evening, and everything looked sad in the twilight. After some general conversation, the minister said, abruptly,

"I am in trouble, Jessie."

He was accustomed now to call me by my Christian name.

"In trouble, Mr. Macbraith!"

"I have a brother, Jessie, whom Heaven has visited with the curse of a weak mind.—In stronger words, he is a harmless imbecile; but we have always strongly combatted his entrance into an asylum. He has, for the last two years, been staying with some relations, where he has received every attention. The departure of those relations for Australia rendered his return to me inevitable."

"I am deeply concerned. Indeed, I feel for you in your unpleasant position."

"I have sworn, Jessie, that he shall never run the risk of ill-treatment at an asylum.—There was a time, my dear friend, when Alexander—yes, that is his name—was not what he is now; and at that time, he was a good and kind brother to me. He loves me, and clings to me still. I have not the heart to cast him off."

"Where is he now?" I asked, with anxiety.

"At the Manse, here."

He was very calm and decided. I felt that he had more to say, and looked into his face questioningly.

"Jessie, I have only one real friend in this village—yourself. Will you do me a favor?"

I answered him with my eyes. Perhaps they said too much; for they seemed to embarrass him.

"I want you to come to the Manse and see my brother Alexander."

"This evening!"

"This evening. I have particular reasons, which I cannot at present explain. Will you come?"

"If you think we shall be unobserved, Mr. Macbraith, I will—I will."

He thanked me warmly for acceding to his strange wish so easily.

"Come, then," he said; and we walked on side by side.

The shades of dusk thickened around us as we walked, choosing the least frequented paths. I was silent; for I was arguing in my own mind the folly or wisdom of disobeying so readily my father's peremptorily expressed wishes.

The Manse was a dark and gloomy old house, and stood, with its garden, about a quarter of a mile from the village church.—You gained the entrance by little shady lanes, that, being full of flowers in summer, presented a sweet contrast to the minister's abode. I had never visited the Manse before: but often enough I had watched it from the distance, and thought how gloomy it seemed. It was distinctly visible from Rab Gibson's Dyke.

As we walked through the carelessly-kept garden, I asked myself what possible object the minister could have in inviting me to his lonely home; and, being unable to answer my own question satisfactorily, I felt rather timid.

The door was opened to us by an elderly woman, who looked clean and good-natured, and who appeared to recognize me as we entered. Pushing unceremoniously past this person, Mr. Macbraith led me into a little plainly-furnished apartment on the ground-floor, where he left me for some minutes.—Rejoining me, he beckoned me to follow him.

"Come," he said, in a whisper, leading the way up stairs.

I followed him, with a nervous beating of the heart. We crept up stairs on tip-toe, and halted at the door of a small room, which was furnished like a study. The door stood half-open, so that the interior of the room was quite visible.

Seated at the table, with his profile towards us, was a powerful-looking man, of about forty years of age. His lower limbs were short and sturdy, and his chest was broad and muscular. He was dressed in a complete suit of black, cut after the most genteel fashion, but worn and seedy. At the first glance I saw nothing remarkable in his personal appearance, save its indication of great strength. Another look at the dark, shaven face, and into the bright but vacant eyes, convinced me that I was in the presence of an imbecile.

The man did not hear us. He was intent on a strange occupation; he was playing cards with an imaginary opponent, and all his soul seemed centred on the game. We entered the apartment with some noise; still he did not hear us.

"Sandie," said the deep voice of Mr. Macbraith. The man started up hastily, thrust the greasy pack of cards into his bosom, and stood looking at us in a timid, appealing way. "Sandie, this is a lady who has come to pay you a visit. Why don't you shake hands with her, and say you're glad to see her?"

Sandie chuckled to himself in a wicked way, and looked keenly into my face.

"She's no' that bonnie, man," he muttered, shaking his head. "Hoot, toot! bid her gang awa'."

"Sandie, be polite. Shake hands with the lady."

The man placed a hot and heavy hand in mine, with an air of great affectation.

"Sandie, here," said the minister, "is quite a lady's man."

Sandie, apparently delighted with this compliment, rubbed his hands together, and laughed.

"Ay, ay! Sandie, here, is a leddy's man," said the man. "I hae seen the time when bonnier lasses nor this ane would hae loup'd i' their shoon to hae Sandie. But, na, na, na! I has shairp een in my head."

"Well, the lady must leave you, Sandie," said Mr. Macbraith. "Shake hands again with her."

But when I placed my hand in his again, he clasped it like a vice, and looked keenly into my face.

"I hae seen that wean's face langsyne," he muttered. "I ken the fause een, and the sour lines i' the lips. But the face I kent was a bonnier ane. It had the een o' the deil himself."

He released me, and I shrunk away timidly to the lower room, where Mr. Macbraith soon joined me.

"And that man," I said, hastily, "is your unhappy brother?"

"Yes, Jessie. You have now penetrated to the blackest sorrow of my heart. And there is no sorrow in the world without sin. He has been a sinner, and he suffers."

The manner of the minister was solemnly sad. He went on to explain to me some of the secrets of his brother's past life.

"Jessie," he said, calmly, "I have my own reasons for proving to you that the unfortunate quarrel between your father and myself is none of my making. Promise to hear me to the end."

"I promise."

"Years ago, when you were a very little girl, your father and my brother Alexander were thrown into contact with each other in London. Your father was at that time a young man of fortune, and, like many other persons in his position, he was drawn into many of the dissipations of the great city. Greatest of all your father's follies was one into which he was led by evil associates. He gambled."

I made an involuntary movement of surprise and protestation.

"Hear me out. He fell among sharpers, who, speedily inoculated him with their own greedy thirst for gain. He had principles; but they succumbed to his passions. He gambled, Jessie, and stood before the jaws of ruin. Helpless and hopeless, he joined his base companions in a plot to ruin a poor weak-witted Scot, who had some property, and he succeeded. The victim was my brother Alexander."

"Mr. Macbraith!"

"Hush! I call God to witness that I speak the whole truth. My brother Alexander was not then what he is now; but, if you understand me, he was never strong-minded. He was fond of vain frivolities, gay dresses, and personal ornaments. Moreover, he had no control over his evil passions. Once sucked into the vortex of gambling, he became the merest slave of the game. Night after night he haunted the gambling-hell, and night after night he returned more impoverished. In vain, I, who was sent from Scotland to join him, tried to save him. He was ruined by your father and his companions."

"Have pity, Mr. Macbraith, have pity!"

"Then the poor Scot, mad with his reverses, began to wash them down with brandy. Night after night he gambled, blind with the alcohol. One night, Jessie, chance convinced even his weak mind that he was a miserable dupe, and that he was the victim of unprincipled swindlers."

The voice of the minister had risen in volume, and his face was now black with rage.

"Well, there is a little more to tell. Alexander taxed the men with their crime. They laughed at him; he made a violent attack upon your father, whom he would have murdered, had not one of the rascals split open my brother's skull with a champagne bottle. With the greatest difficulty I got him out of London. It's an old story, Jessie, but it's a sad one notwithstanding. He was never himself after that. The injury he had received in the brawl, added to perpetual indulgence in spirits, completed his overthrow, and he is—what you now see him."

"Oh, Mr. Macbraith, why did you tell me this horrible tale?"

He now continued calmly, without noticing my question—

"A peculiar feature of his case is, that, with the change I have spoken of, a strange alteration has passed over his language and ideas. He formerly expressed himself in the common English. When his brain turned, his tongue went back to the vernacular of his Scotch nursery."

There was a long, painful pause, during which I hid my face in my hands, and sobbed violently. At last I rose up hurriedly, and tried to push past him.

"Let me go," I cried; "I cannot remain any longer under this roof. Let me go!"

"Stop!" said the minister, in a tone of mingled entreaty and command.

I stopped unconsciously, and sank back into my chair, trembling violently.

"Jessie Hayman," continued the minister, in low scorching tones, "I am a priest of God, but, do what I may, I cannot crush the black humanity out of me. Listen! years ago, I swore an oath to avenge my brother's wrongs on the head of your father, their chief cause. Again and again have I tried to struggle against Satan, but in vain. I have still hoarded up the hope of retribution. But Providence, as if in pity for my wrath, has interposed your young life between my wrath and its object.

"Let me go; I cannot understand you."

"I love you."

He spoke in a cold matter-of-fact way, with a grim smile on his thoughtful face.

"I love you; wretch that I am, I love you; while yonder poor idiot calls upon me to hate you. You have not captivated me in the usual way, but I love you. It is a madness full of meaning. If you are wise, if you are pitiful, Jessie Hayman, if you love your father and his house, be my wife!"

"Your wife!" I screamed, starting up wildly. "*Your* wife! Oh, Mr. Macbraith, let me pass."

"Be my wife!" he said firmly and methodically. "Marry me, Jessie; sit at my board; sleep under my roof; and endeavor, by making the future days of that madman happy, to atone for your father's crime. I have said that I love you. Heaven forgive me for loving *you!* I make you the offer in pity. I have black blood in me, which only your influence can calm down. Marry me, and save your father."

"You are mad!" I cried.

I rushed swiftly to the door; as I reached it, I saw a dark figure creep away up-stairs.

"Stop, woman!" cried the minister. "Stop, and beware!"

But swift as thought I gained the Manse-door, and rushed into the open air. It was still early evening. I ran hastily along the green lanes, and staggered as I ran. When I partly recovered my composure, I walked along, not heeding whither—afraid to venture home until my agitation had calmed down. Then I fancied that I heard footsteps behind me, and I began to run again. The footsteps came closer and closer, and I was certain that I was being pursued. At last, breathless and tired out, I stood still to listen, at Rab Gibson's Dyke. I was not mistaken. A dark figure passed from the highway on to the marshes, and came towards the Dyke. I crouched down behind the stone-wall, hoping to pass unseen. The figure came nearer and nearer. I recognized the face and form of the imbecile, Alexandria Macbraith. He was bare-headed, and looked white in the moon. He caught sight of me in a moment, and came towards me, chuckling.

"Hoch, my fine leddy! diuna be sae prond and stiltit. You're no 'sae bonnie, but I maun e'en put up wi' your company for a wee short hour. Come, sit ye down, Jessie Hayman, the minister's wife that is ne'er to be, and we'll hae a look at the deil's picture-book."

So saying, he held close to my face his dirty pack of playing-cards. I tried to pass by him; but he gripped my arm firmly, and whispered between his clenched teeth: "If ye dinna sit doun, my leddy, I'll throttle the life out o' ye!"

He pressed me down upon the broken wall, and sat down close by me, leaving a small space between us. I was quite numb with fear. He began to shuffle the cards.

"Yonder's the mune glowerin' at us. The licht o' the mune is better nor lamps and sic-like. Are ye cauld, woman, that ye sit shiverin' there? toot, it's warm, warm."

"Some other night, Alexander," I stammered, coaxingly. "Let me go to-night."

"Sit ye doun!" he growled fiercely; "I haena had any ane to play wi' for simmers past. Eh, we'll hae a roaring game this nicht, woman, till cock craw."

I heard and saw no more. My agitation overpowered me, and I fainted away. When recovered, I found myself lying in the arms of Mr. Macbraith. Sandie stood by, chuckling, and shuffling the cards.

"Take me home!" I murmured; "take me home!"

Our house stood close by. I rose to my feet with a great effort, and felt quite strong. The minister did not offer to touch me. He stood by, frowning darkly.

"Yonder lies your home, young lady," he said sternly. "I am sorry for what has occurred to-night, deeply sorry. But again, to-night, in the presence of my brother, I repeat my former offer. Will you be my wife?"

"No," I said firmly, and moved away.

The minister folded his arms, and bit his lips.

"Then farewell, Miss Hayman. There was a black devil in me which you might have quelled. Would that I could die to-night. It would be better for all of us. Come, Sandie."

I passed away without a word. The minister patted the idiot coaxingly on the shoulder, and took his arm. Then, waving his hand to me, he led him away in the opposite direction.

Bewildered and confused by what I had seen and heard, I hurried home. The twilight, like a silver veil, had fallen quickly from the hills; and I saw the tall figures of Sandie and the minister pass like shadows over the misty marshes. As I entered the house, the domestics stared in surprise at my pale, haggard face. My mother, obviously alarmed, led me to my bedchamber. Her kind motherly company overpowered me, and I burst into bitter tears. When I became calm, I determined to tell her all."

"Mother," I said firmly, "I've been taking a walk with the minister."

She lifted up her hands, and raised her eyes in positive horror.

"And, mother, I love him, and he wanted me to marry him."

She was silent. I told her all that had occurred. Sinking into a chair, she began to sob and moan.

"Oh, Jessie woman, if your puir faither kent this, he'd gang out o' his wits wi' anger. It's a sair, sair day for this house, lassie; a sair, sair day! He'll gang daft. The minister, o' a' the men i' the warld! Oh, my wean, my wean, your faither will gang daft."

She thought only of my father, and took no note of my bitter grief. Poor mother! it was no fault of hers if she could not forget her idol. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE IRONSIDES.

The *London Punch* is usually a strong supporter of Lord Palmerston, but in commenting upon a recent debate in the House of Commons, it says:

He (Palmerston) was asked a question about the Spithead forts, when he broke out quite angrily, and accused the House of having been so completely run away with by the account of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* battle that it was no use remonstrating, so Ministers had felt it their duty to yield to the general feeling. But he did not feel at all convinced that they had done right, and then he scolded the House for taking details out of the hands of the Government. Now, Master Pam, stand up and listen to us. You are very fond of yielding, as you call it, when you can't stem the tide; that is to say, you concede rather than be beaten and turned out. You have thrown over a Reform Bill, and you have thrown over the Revised Code, and you would throw over two or three other things sooner than be put in a hole. All very well, but if you believed, in your heart, that these forts were necessary to the safety of your country, your duty was to stick to them, and take the consequences. As for the defences of the country being a detail which the House is not to meddle with, that, Master Pam, is such ridiculous nonsense, that we can only suppose you were out of temper, and said the first thing that came into your head. *The fight between those ships is the most important thing in modern times, and though the Quarterly Review* takes your tone about "clamor" and so on, (perhaps you wrote the article for your neighbors in Albemarle street,) we shall want a good many more articles, and a good many more souls, before we lose sight of the fact that *the Americans have tried the experiment which we have only been talking about.* You are not usually an offender in this way, and therefore we are content with a monition upon this occasion. You may sit down.

By the way, the tone in which the Armstrong gun is spoken of in England, is becoming pretty severe. Recently in the House of Commons, "Mr. R. Osborne complained of the treatment of Captain Coles, and contrasted it with that of Sir William Armstrong. He asserted that the experiments with the monster Armstrong gun had been a perfect delusion, and that the Warrior target had never been fairly penetrated. He asserted the Armstrong gun to be a failure, as a naval gun, and that it would be found so after millions had been wasted.

"Sir F. De Hay explained that the effects of the monster Armstrong gun on the Warrior target *were found not to be so great on examination as they appeared to be at first, when they could only observe the front of it.* He admitted that on the 20th, the gun, *although it had pierced the armor plates, had only bulged in the skin of the ship, without doing any damage.* He believed the Armstrong to be the best gun in the world."

So we are getting the truth relative to the result of that target-firing at last. Sir F. De Hay's explanation is not calculated to give the world a very high opinion of the candor of those whom he represents.

WHOLESOME FOOD.

In an excellent article, entitled "*The Health of Our Girls*," which appeared in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the writer says:—

Passing from costume, it must be noticed that there are many physical evils which the American woman shares with the other sex, but which bear with far greater severity on her finer organization. There is improper food, for instance. The fried or salted meat, the heavy bread, the perennial pork, the disastrous mince-pies of our farmers' houses are sometimes pardoned by Nature to the men of the family, in consideration of twelve or more hours of out-door labor. For the more sedentary and delicate daughter there is no such atonement, and she vibrates between dyspepsia and starvation. *The only locality in America where I have ever found the farming population living habitually on wholesome diet is the Quaker region in Eastern Pennsylvania, and I have never seen anywhere else such a healthy race of women.*

There is one article of food, we may add, that in the district alluded to in the above, is *always* found on the table, and that is cold, sweet (we do not mean sweetened, but as opposed to sour,) light bread, made of wheat or of rye. In some portions of New England, they *always* have warm bread for breakfast and supper—not even knowing how to make what we in this part of the world call bread.

The abomination of sour bread is so usual through those large portions of the country where cold bread is daily used, that sweet, good bread may be almost said to be the exception. The truth is that the people of many regions do not even know that their bread is sour and their butter strong. We have even heard of cases where the taste had become so perverted that good sweet butter was objected to, because "it had no flavor." And here lies the great difficulty in reforming many tables, those who eat at them do not even know that their bread is sour, their butter strong, and various articles badly cooked. By constantly eating such unwholesome stuff they have got to liking it, and would not only feel offended at any one who should suggest that their baking and cooking might be improved, but absolutely would not believe a change for the better possible.

COTTON UNHEALTHY.

Now that cotton is becoming scarce, we commend the following views of a New England physician, Dr. Alfred Booth, to our readers. There is nothing like making a virtue of necessity. Dr. Booth says:—

Scrofula, consumption, chronic diarrhœa, catarrh, *et id omne genus*, are due, in my judgment, to an inactive state of the skin, and this arises from an improper covering in contact with it both by day and by night, in the shape of cotton. The latter has superseded wool to a great extent, within fifty years, and consumptions have doubled if not trebled. Active exercise with many has alone supplied the place of woollen, but the more sedentary habits of women, combined with less wearing of woollen than by men, has caused them to furnish four victims to consumption to three men.

The people of New England have killed their sheep and multiplied dogs, have made cotton almost a king of clothing, and are reaping a crop of pulmonary and nervous diseases which it is appalling to contemplate. If the present war could, however, kill out the use of cotton, we should have something in my opinion to compensate us for its expense which few have taken into the calculation.

We call the attention of our English and French brethren to the above. Let them shun cotton, and use wool—especially so long as they cannot get the former very easily—and thus save themselves from "scrofula, consumption, chronic diarrhœa, catarrh, and a crop of pulmonary and nervous diseases!" The longevity of the negro is doubtless owing to the thick crop of wool with which Providence has covered his cranium. As Dr. Brandreth used to say in his advertisements, "Why will you die?"

THE London *Times* informs the English public that New Orleans was taken by Gen. Grant, who conveyed his troops in transports across Lake Ponchartrain, and thus achieved an easy victory.

The above is correct, we believe, in all respects, save that the Union troops were not commanded by Gen. Grant, that they were not conveyed across Lake Ponchartrain, and that the victory can hardly be called an easy one.

LARGE GUNS.

During the Crimean War, the son of Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the steam gun, made the following offer to the British Government:

"I am prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a steam gun capable of throwing a ton weight a distance of five miles. If such a gun were fixed on Brunel's large ship of 10,000 tons, I venture to say that Sebastopol would be destroyed without losing a man."

We do not know whether the steam gun has been examined yet by the United States, but if it has not, it should be. If Mr. Perkins will guarantee to throw a ball weighing a ton the distance of five miles, we think the government could easily find him employment. The gun which Captain Rodman is now at work on—the "President's pocket-piece"—is however to throw a ball of full 8,000 lbs. (a ton and a half) weight—and it is to be thrown from six to seven miles—which is doing a good deal better with gunpowder than Mr. Perkins offered to do with steam. If one of these 8,000 pound balls should happen to strike an iron-plated vessel, the iron would have to be pretty thick in order to withstand it.

Captain Rodman is now finishing six 15-inch toys for the Monitor and three or four 20-inch playthings, besides Old Abe's 20-inch pocket piece above alluded to. An exchange says that "the story that a guard is set over this gun every night to keep it from being picked up and carried off by some thief is pronounced a canard."

RAPID FIRING.

At the battle of Shiloh it is estimated there were discharged on the Confederate side 1,000,000 balls from small arms. The official report of the Federal loss in killed and wounded is 14,000. Allowing that the true number was much greater, say 20,000, still it leaves 980,000 shot thrown away—that is, the rebels succeeded one time out of fifty shots in doing some execution.

And yet, in the face of accounts like the above, the efforts of drill masters seem usually to be to accustom recruits to rapid rather than to slow and sure firing. The consequence is that the troops acquire a habit of quick loading and equally quick firing, exceedingly wasteful of strength, as well as of powder and ball. If troops were instructed to fire at will, but slowly and after taking good aim, we should think that not only would they double the execution, and not find themselves soon out of cartridges, but that they would not be half so apt to get into a general flurry.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—Relative to the illustration of Capt. Coles's cupola ships, we see it stated in the recent news from England that the Admiralty have settled with Capt. Coles for his cupola patents. The nation is to have the exclusive possession of the inventions in consideration of paying down £5,000, and granting to Capt. Coles £100 for every cupola brought into the service for the next fourteen years. This will pay the captain very handsomely.

In reference to the White House engraving, we may say that the White House is owned, we believe, by Col. Lee, not Gen. Lee, as stated on the fourth page.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BAY-PATH; A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. HOLLAND, author of Letters to the Young, Lessons in Life, &c. Published by Charles Scribner, 124 Grand St., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philadelphia.

A reprint of one of the earlier works of this popular author, whom we are glad to welcome, at last, under his own name instead of that of "Timothy Titcomb," a *nomme de plume* whose apparently affected comicality so entirely misrepresented the thoughtful and earnest writer who used it.

"The Bay-Path" is in many respects fully equal to the other works of its author. Some lack of dramatic interest and coherence of plot is felt in it, which is probably owing to a too strict adherence to the facts of history, which sometimes clash with the requirements of fiction. Dr. Holland has, in his preface, put forth an excellent and eloquent defence of fiction, claiming its right to be used as a vehicle for moral, philosophical, and even religious truths. Having so established his point, he need hardly have fettered himself heavily with incoherent facts. Life in its outward form is too often an apparently meaningless puzzle. It is a sphynx, offering its enigmas to all. And not every one who confronts them is the Œdipus to solve them. But fiction is pliable, harmonious. Here the inner life can be shown working outward into fact, and its whole course laid smooth and plain before us. In real life we know that the evil-doer often goes smoothly and triumphantly through life, that wrongs are unrighted, and the innocent and good go mourning all the days of their lives. In fiction we have a right to look for poetic justice, and for some attempt to show the world as it should be rather than as it is.

Some parts of "The Bay-Path" evince considerable comic power. Woodcock's pithy sayings are often very racy in their roughness, and Peter Trimble's absurdities are a diverting relief to the otherwise rather sombre narrative. Mary Pynchon is a fine character, though rather too didactic in her conversation; but she certainly takes the initiative rather strongly in the delicate affair which Charles Reade calls "popping." However, her management in that line is quite overshadowed by the vigorous proceedings of the other heroine, Mary Woodcock. Altogether, we consider this book as an interesting commentary upon and explanation of the life of the first settlers of New England; but as a novel, it lacks the vivacity and interest necessary to commend a book to the favor of the mere novel-reader.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. CORBY JEAFFRESON, author of "Novels and Novelists," "Creme Rise," &c., &c. Reprinted from the English Edition. Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS. A Story in Two Voices. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "Days of My Life," "The House on the Moor," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c., &c. &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

This latest of Mrs. Oliphant's novels partakes of the style and the merits of her other numerous and widely known works, but has a more involved and improbable plot than is usual with them. Of the two sisters who are "the last of the Mortimers," one is a pleasing character; but the terrible old woman who gloats over the remembrance of the former triumphs of her beauty, who denies her youthful marriage and disowns her son through overweening family pride, forms a picture neither pleasant nor probable. Aside from her and her story, there are bits of charming character painting in the book. The Lieutenant's wife is a winsome little body, and Scotch Lizzie and her admirer, the corpulent Italian Domenico, are delightful. The denouement is melodramatic, but the interest of the story is sustained till the last, and the reader does not readily lay it aside till its completion.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By an officer of the United States Army. With a Descriptive Sketch of West Point, by Benson J. Lossing. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

REPLIES TO "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." By the Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D. D., Rev. J. H. Rose, B. D., Rev. C. A. Heurtley, D. D., Rev. W. J. Irons, D. D., Rev. G. Rorison, M. A., Rev. A. W. Haddan, B. D., and Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, D. D. With a preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and letters from the Radcliffe Observer and the Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE recent freshet in the Lehigh river swept away the town of Weissport, and drowned many families. The Lehigh Valley Railroad has been greatly damaged. Canal navigation will be stopped for a while. The bridge at Harper's Ferry was carried away.

ABOUT twenty thousand first class Enfield rifles have recently been captured by our navy, together with the vessels containing them, while in the act of attempting to run the blockade. It is said that English speculators in arms have shipped about two hundred thousand Enfield rifles to Nassau, where they dispose of them to rebel agents, who reship them with the expectation of running the blockade.

THE TAX BILL has passed the Senate by a vote of thirty-seven yeas to one nay. The principal argument was upon the adoption of an amendment proposing to tax persons claiming the service and labor of slaves, two dollars each, for every person so claimed, which resulted in its rejection by a vote of seventeen yeas to twenty-three nays. The bill has been greatly altered from what it was when it passed the House, and the amendments will have to go back to that body.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—A total eclipse of the moon, visible throughout the United States, occurs on the night of Wednesday, the 11th inst. The duration of the whole eclipse will be three hours and seventeen minutes, and during sixty-two minutes the moon will be wholly immersed in the shadow of the earth. The eclipse will begin near about midnight and end at 3.15 A. M.

GEN. FREMONT'S headquarters on the 6th, were at Mount Jackson, on the Shenandoah river, about 13 miles above (south of) Woodstock. His pursuit of Jackson was interrupted by the sudden rise of the river and the want of bridges. A pontoon bridge was thrown across, but the water rose 12 feet in four hours, and the drift-wood brought down broke the bridge. Gen. Fremont had taken 400 prisoners.

INTELLIGENCE from South-Western Missouri and Arkansas represents all favorable for the right side. The army of Gen. Curtis is rapidly breaking up rebel encampments, and dispersing their guerrilla bands. Among recently captured prisoners are James Massey, Claib. Jackson's Rebel Secretary of State, and two colonels of the rebel army.

MABEL.

Singing so cheerfully, dancing so merrily,
The bright blue sky above her,
Looking so fair, with her golden hair,
Making all hearts love her;
Spending the hours among the flowers,
She passes the summer away;
Seeming so youthful, so purely truthful,
Growing more lovely each day:
No heart lighter than Mabel's.

☞ "My dear Juliana," said Alphonso, the first day of their housekeeping, very tenderly, as he rose to go out and do his first marketing, "what shall we have for our dinner?" He laid much stress on the "our." "I think, my love," said she, "that as our appetites are not very great, a quarter of beef will be sufficient." Alphonso stood aghast. "A quarter of beef!" he shrieked. "A quarter of a pound, I meant, my love," she said, kissing him on the nose. Alphonso went out like a lamb to the slaughter house.

☞ Experiments are said to have been made at the Washington Navy Yard to test the capability of the description of iron armor adopted by the Navy Department to resist shot. It was found that it amounts to a perfect shield against such ordnance as pierced the armor in England, similar to that of the celebrated vessel Warrior. The President witnessed the experiments, the details of which it is improper to publish.

☞ An account of the Pittsburg battle says that the Mississippi brigade "dashed like a fierce wave upon our left wing." That brigade may have been a big wave, but its subsequent motion was a big waver.

☞ Every heavy burden of sorrow seems to us an oppression and overwhelming forever—a tombstone tied to us, which must drag the doomed one down into the depths; but we forget that these weights are often only such as are fastened to divers, that they may descend to gather pearls, and to be then drawn up with their riches.

☞ No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely talk that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

The following dispatch was received on the 5th at the War Department:—

NEW BRIDGE, June 5, 10 30 A. M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—My telegraph dispatch of June 1st, in regard to the battle of Fair Oaks was incorrectly published in the newspapers. I send with this a correct copy, which I request may be published at once.

I am the more anxious about this since my dispatch, as published, would seem to ignore the services of Gen. Sumner, which were too valuable to be overlooked, both in the difficult passage of the stream and the subsequent combat.

The mistake seems to have occurred in the transmission of the dispatch by telegraph.

G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

"FIELD OF BATTLE, 12 o'clock, June 1st.

"Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—We have had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers. Yesterday, at 1, the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm, which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right bank of that river.* Casey's division, which was the first line, gave way, unaccountably and discreditably.† This caused a temporary confusion, during which some guns and baggage were lost; but Heintzelman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy. At the same time, however, Gen. Sumner‡ succeeded, by great exertions, in bringing across Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

"This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was everywhere repulsed.

"We have taken many prisoners—among whom are Gen. Pettigrew and Col. Long.—Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous. With the exception of Casey's Division, our men have behaved splendidly. Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The Second Excelsior made two to-day.

"(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

* Instead of "right flank," as originally published.

† Instead of "disunitedly."

‡ Gen. Sumner's name is omitted in dispatch as first received.

ADDRESS OF GEN. McCLELLAN TO HIS TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY, Tuesday Evening, June 3.

The following address was read to the army this evening, at dress parade, and received with an outburst of vociferous cheering from every regiment:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE, June 2d, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of their capital.

The final and decisive battle is at hand.—Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights of Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours.

The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way to panic and disorder.

I ask of you now one last, crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here, in the centre of the rebellion.

Soldiers! I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and Union to this distracted land.

Upon your valor, discipline, and mutual confidence, the result depends.

(Signed) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The following is a summary of the terrible contest—embracing Saturday, Sunday, and Monday:—

On Monday morning our position could be summed up about thus: Two divisions, much reduced in strength from various causes, had been attacked (on Saturday) by a greatly superior force of good troops, and driven fully a mile from the first point of attack; but by the arrival of fresh troops the enemy's course had been arrested, and his purpose to drive us into the Chickahominy decidedly defeated. Yet he occupied our camps and the position he had taken.

On Sunday he had again attacked us and been compelled to retire with loss. But though Richardson's division had driven him on the railroad, and the Sickles brigade through the woods on the Williamsburg road, he still held nearly all, and certainly much the greater part, of the ground taken on Saturday. Some men of the Tenth Massachusetts regiment went into their camp on Sunday, and brought away a ham; but it was quoted as a piece of dexterity, so near were the enemy to the place, and the camp of the Tenth was in the rear of all Couch's division.

So now on Monday morning we were apparently to begin the week well—to go forward and re-occupy, alive or dead, the position from which the enemy had driven us.—Resolution was on every face, and all buckled themselves up with a determination to do a full share of the work, and not only to retrieve what had been lost, but to win more.

It was still dim and misty when the lines were under arms, and but little later when the advance of skirmishers was thrown forward. Cautiously the men went on; every step was made completely sure before the next was taken, until a position was gained on the Williamsburg road where a battery could be posted. There a battery was accordingly placed so as to command the whole road, and again the men went on. Farther and farther, and the enemy fell back, his pickets in sight. It began to look very much as if the third day—the day of re-occupation—was to be a bloodless one.

And so, indeed, it proved, and our men pushed on step by step, pushing the rebels on before, with a light exchange of fire, but no serious resistance, until we were once more entirely at home.

They then pushed on again, through camp and beyond it, and once more they were on the road to Richmond, and they kept on it, and that night our pickets were posted within four miles of the rebel capital, and near to a line of works that we fancy is, or represents the celebrated last ditch where the rebels are to make a final stand.

Thus the affair became complete. We had lost our camp, the enemy held it, and now it was re-taken—ours once more, and we felt a satisfaction in the result that would not have been greater if we had taken the camp as bloodily as we had lost it. His departure was a full acknowledgment that he had failed; and was defeated in the purpose for which he came.

On the field lay even yet a large number of the rebel dead, and even some of their wounded were yet alive and uncared for on the third day.

THE LOSS.—The loss on the Union side is computed by some at 3,000 to 5,000 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is believed to be fully double ours. A contemporary says:—"Every successive day develops more and more the desperate character of the late battle before Richmond. Our Fortress Monroe correspondent learns that already 2,000 of our wounded have been taken care of, and that accommodations for 3,000 more will be required. Good judges fix our whole loss at 6,000 to 8,000. That of the enemy is pretty surely double this number. Richmond is one great hospital, and deep gloom and despair has fallen upon the so lately defiant foe."

Richmond dispatches of the 2d, say that "the Confederates have thus far driven the Yankees back a mile and a half into a swamp, occupying their camp and capturing their baggage and over five hundred prisoners.—Gen. Rhodes is wounded, and Gen. Hatton, of Tennessee, killed. The Yankees fought desperately, but they were badly whipped.—The carnage was terrible on both sides."

On the 2d, however, the ground lost was more than regained.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—A dispatch from McClellan's Headquarters, dated June 6th, says:—

Two deserters, who came in this morning, state that Gen. Johnston was seriously, if not mortally, wounded through the groin by a Minie ball during the late battle. General G. W. Smith is now in command of the rebel troops. Other information goes to corroborate the fact.

These deserters state that the rebel loss is estimated at ten thousand killed, wounded, and missing.

No material change has taken place in the position of the enemy.

A contraband has arrived who left Richmond on Tuesday evening. He represents things there as in a terrible state of confusion and uncertainty.

No troops are in the city except those doing guard duty and tending to the sick and wounded, all being compelled to remain outside.

There were no signs of evacuation, but on the contrary everything goes to show a determined resistance on the part of the rebels.

The contrabands state that during the fight of Sunday, the house-tops and all elevated positions were covered with people to witness the battle; every one expected to see our troops driven into the Chickahominy, but when they saw the rebels running towards the city, the greatest consternation prevailed. Many of the inhabitants have crossed the James river, expecting the city to be occupied by our troops soon.

It is rumored that Gen. Magruder is going to resign, having become disgusted with the rebel Military Administration.

We are informed that there are no troops between the army of the Rappahannock and the army of the Potomac, under command of Gen. McClellan.

Everything has been very quiet to-day.

A flag of truce came in to-day from Gen. Huger, asking for the bodies of Gen. Pettigrew and Cols. Davis, Lightfoot, Long, and Britton, who were supposed to have been killed in the late battle.

Col. Davis was the only one killed. Cols. Lightfoot and Long are prisoners, and Col. Britton was wounded, as was also Gen. Pettigrew. Col. Davis's body will be returned.

OUR LOSS DURING THE WAR.—The number of killed and wounded in battle during the present war is not so great as many have imagined. The following figures embrace the whole number on the Union side, with the exception of the losses sustained in Western Virginia and in the late engagement near Richmond:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Bull Run,	481	1,011
Davis Creek, Mo.,	223	721
Lexington, Mo.,	39	120
Ball's Bluff,	223	266
Belmont,	84	288
Mill Spring, Ky.,	39	207
Fort Henry,	17	81
Roanoke Island,	50	222
Fort Donelson,	446	1,735
Fort Craig, New Mexico,	63	140
Pea Ridge,	203	972
Attack of the Merrimac,	201	108
Newbern,	91	466
Winchester,	133	540
Pittsburg Landing,	1,735	7,882
Yorktown,	35	120
Fts Jackson and St. Philip,	30	119
Williamsburg,	455	1,411
West Point,	44	100
Mechowell,	37	235
Near Corinth,	31	149
Banks' retreat, estimated,	100	300
Hanover Court House,	53	296
Skirmishes,	390	1,740
Total,	5,791	20,369

At the battle of Waterloo alone the loss on the side of the victors, in killed and wounded, was nearly four thousand more than our entire loss in the above battles.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The London Morning Post learns that, in the absence of any law bearing on the case of the ship Emilie St. Pierre, the English Government will refuse to restore her.

The surrender of Norfolk and the destruction of the Merrimac is regarded as the retirement of the South from the contest on the water.

The rule of Gen. Butler in New Orleans is denounced as excessive and harsh.

Mr. Berkley brought forward his annual motion in favor of the ballot, which was carried, 83 to 50, amid loud cheers. Leave was given to bring in a bill on the subject.

The Journal de Rouen announces the discovery of a common wild plant to enable the manufacturers to dispense with American cotton.

GOOD NEWS FROM TEXAS.—We learn, through a private channel in which we confide, that the Unionists of Texas will soon be heard from. We understand that their arrangements for restoring their State to the Union have been quietly matured, and that they have ere this thrown the old flag to the breeze under the lead of Gen. Sam Houston. Though we wish the Kansas Expedition southward, planned and organized last winter, had been prosecuted, we cherish strong hopes that the rebels of Texas will soon turn up missing, and that Old Sam and Uncle Sam will have possession of the State. We await further tidings with lively interest.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A JOLLY GOOD FIGHT.—Captain Bailey, who was second in command under Farragut at the battle of New Orleans, was called upon for a dinner speech at the Astor House, a few days since. "Gentlemen," said he, as he nervously twisted his handkerchief into a hard rope, and hesitated between his words, "I don't claim any more than my share—we don't any of us—we all want what belongs to us, and no more. Farragut, he did it—he planned it all out; all we had to do was to obey his orders; that's just what we did. As to the particulars, the way it was—was—well, we had a jolly good fight!"

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM HALLECK.

GEN. POPE IN HOT PURSUIT OF BEAUREGARD—TEN THOUSAND REBEL PRISONERS AND DESERTERS—FIFTEEN THOUSAND STAND OF ARMS CAPTURED—CONFUSION OF THE ENEMY—BEAUREGARD FRANTIC—"SAUVE QUI PEUT"—OFFICIAL DESPATCH FROM GEN. HALLECK—"THE RESULT ALL I COULD POSSIBLY DESIRE"—50,000 DESERTERS.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—The following despatch was received this afternoon at the War Department:—

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, June 4, 1862.—To Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—

Gen. Pope, with forty thousand men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard.

He already reports ten thousand prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and fifteen thousand stand of arms captured.

Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Col. Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, *he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best they could.*

We have captured nine locomotives, and a number of cars. One is already repaired and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days.

The result is all I could possibly desire.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

CORINTH, June 5.—Gen. Halleck moved his headquarters to this place to-day, occupying the house previously occupied by Gen. Bragg.

Gen. Thomas occupies the house formerly in the possession of Beauregard. The enemy are reported to be 80,000 strong between Baldwin and Okolona.

At the last accounts, Gen. Pope's advance was this side of Twenty Mile Creek, and the enemy's rear-guard on the south side, still retreating.

An Englishman who was made an officer in the rebel army and has deserted, says that a rebel officer high in position told him that they left here 120,000 strong, but when they arrived at Booneville 50,000 had deserted, the latter were mostly Alabamians, Louisianians, and Mississippians.

OCCUPATION OF FORT WRIGHT.—The evacuation of Fort Wright, on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Hatchie river, is at length confirmed. The rebels burnt the cotton bales used for the breastwork and removed all but five or six guns. A detachment of Indiana troops now garrison the works, which are very strong. Our fleet has pushed on down the river to or below Fort Randolph. By accounts published in the western papers it appears that the naval commander of the United States expedition attacking Fort Wright was under express orders not to storm the fort until Halleck should attack Corinth. The two fights were intended to be simultaneous. If no fight was made by the rebels at Fort Randolph, we may expect to hear soon of Memphis being taken.

THE FRENCH DEFEATED IN MEXICO.—KEY WEST, May 30, 1862.—The U. S. frigate Potomac has just arrived from Vera Cruz, Mexico, bringing the important information *of the complete discomfiture of the French forces* on the line of the Mexican route to the city, and their repulse and hasty retreat to Vera Cruz.

No particulars have been received of the engagements, a heavy gale of wind continuing all day, preventing communication with the frigate here. Enough is known, however, to assure you that the entire army have countermarched and are now directing their course towards the sea coast, retreating rapidly, with great loss, before a victorious and superior force.

☞ A little quarto weekly called the "Monitor," published at Concord, Mass., thus sketches Lincoln:—

Abraham Lincoln—may his shade decrease—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of the room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made A. Lincoln bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look so sweet, yet stern as fate,
Answered: "The names the people own as great."
"And is mine one?" said Lincoln. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Lincoln spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
To write my name among the honest men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with great awakening light,
And showed the names America had blest—
And lo! A. Lincoln's name led all the rest.

☞ HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND DIE EASY.—The husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter (Eng.), had long been dying, and, at length, one of the clergymen of the parish, making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving her account of her spouse's last moments, told him her poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die. "At last," said she, "I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, and so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb!"

☞ We saw a good anecdote the other day about long preaching. A lady took her son of some five or six years, to church. After the minister had been preaching half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times, by pinching. But as it seemed a hopeless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed. After the little fellow had his nap out, he awoke, and still saw the minister holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face and innocently asked: "Mother, is it this Sunday night or is it next Sunday night?"

☞ It is said of an Indian, that whenever he got into a bad place in a swamp, where the ground was too soft for safety, he put a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every Christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own false steps, but as he prays, "Lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path?

☞ Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

LATEST NEWS.

ANOTHER NAVAL VICTORY.

Desperate Naval Fight on the Mississippi.

REBEL FLEET DESTROYED.

THE SURRENDER OF MEMPHIS.

THE ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND.

FROM GEN. SHIELDS'S DIVISION.

THE WAR IN ALABAMA.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

Official Reports.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The following dispatch was received at the Navy Department:—

U. S. STEAMER BENTON, OFF MEMPHIS, June 6.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.—Sir: I arrived here last evening, at nine o'clock, accompanied by the mortar fleet, under Captain Maynadier, the ordnance steam storeships, &c., and anchored a mile and a half above the city.

This morning I discovered the rebel fleet, which had been reinforced, and now consisted of eight rams and gunboats, laying at the levee. The engagement, which commenced at 5.30 A. M. and ended at 7 o'clock, terminated in a running fight.

I was ably supported by the ram fleet, under command of Col. Ellet, who was conspicuous for his gallantry, and is seriously but not dangerously wounded. The result of the action was the capture or destruction of seven vessels of the rebel fleet, as follows:—The General Beauregard was blown up and burned; the General Sterling Price had one wheel carried away; the Jeff. Thompson was set on fire by a shell and burned, and her magazine was blown up; the Sumpter was badly cut up by shot, but will be repaired; a little rebel steamer had her boiler exploded by shot, and was otherwise injured, but she will be repaired. Besides this, one of the rebel boats was sunk in the beginning of the action; her name is not known.

A boat, supposed to be the Van Dorn, escaped from the flotilla by her superior speed. Two rams are in pursuit of her. The officers and crews of the rebel boats endeavored to take to the shore.

Many of their wounded and prisoners are now in our hands. The Mayor surrendered the city to me after the engagement. Col. Fitch came down at eleven o'clock, and has taken military possession of the town.

(Signed) C. H. DAVIS, Flag Officer.

WASHINGTON June 8.—The following message in relation to the action of the rams in the naval engagement off Memphis was received at the War Department this evening:

OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, June 6, via Cairo, June 8, 1862.—To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretray of War.—The rebel gunboats made a stand early this morning opposite Memphis, and opened a vigorous fire upon our gunboats, which they returned with equal spirit.

I ordered the Queen, my flag ship, to pass between the gunboats and run down ahead of them upon the two rams of the enemy, which at first boldly stood their ground. Lieut. Col. Ellet in the Monarch, of which Captain Doyden is first master, followed gallantly. The rebel rams endeavored to back down stream and then to turn and run, but the movement was fatal to them. The Queen struck one of them fairly, and for a few minutes was fast to the wreck. After separating the rebel steamer sunk.

My steamer, the Queen, was then herself struck by another rebel steamer and disabled, but though damaged can be saved. A pistol shot wound in the leg deprived me of the power to witness the remainder of the fight.

The Monarch also passed ahead of our gunboats and went most gallantly into action. She first struck the rebel boat that struck my flag-ship, and sunk the rebel. She was then struck by one of the rebel rams, but not injured. She then pushed on and struck the Beauregard, and burst open her side.—Simultaneously the Beauregard was struck on the boiler by a shot from one of our gunboats.

The Monarch then pushed at the gunboat Little Rebel, the rebel flag-ship, and having little headway pushed her before her, the rebel commodore and crew escaping.

The Monarch then finding the Beauregard sinking, took her in tow till she sunk in shoal water. Then, in compliance with the request of Col. Davis, Lieut. Col. Ellet dispatched the Monarch and the Switzerland in pursuit of one of the remaining rams and some transports, which had escaped.

The gunboats and two of my rams have gone below.

I cannot too much praise the conduct of the pilots and engineers and military guard of the Monarch and Queen, the brave conduct of Capt. Dryden, or the heroic bearing of Lieut. Col. Ellet. I will name all the parties to you in a special report.

I am, myself, the only person in my fleet who was disabled.

CHARLES ELLET, Jr.,
Colonel Commanding Ram Fleet.

The following second dispatch from Col. Ellet, was also received this evening:—

OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, June 6, via Cairo, June 8.—To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—It is proper and due to the brave men on the Queen and Monarch to say to you briefly that two of the rebel steamers were sunk out of sight and immediately, by the shock of my two rams, and with a large amount of cotton, &c., on board, was disabled by an accidental collision with the Queen, and secured by her crew.

After I was personally disabled, another boat, which was also hit by a shot from the gunboats, was sunk by the Monarch and towed into shoal water by that boat. Still another, also injured by the fire of our gunboats, was pushed on the shore and secured by the Monarch.

Of the gunboats I can only say that they bore themselves as our navy always does—bravely and well.

CHARLES ELLET, Jr.,
Colonel Commanding Ram Fleet.

The bluffs in front of Memphis were crowded with spectators during the engagement, and business was entirely suspended.

The Surrender of Memphis.

CAIRO, June 8.—After the return of our gunboats from the pursuit of the rebel fleet, Commander Davis sent the following note to the Mayor of Memphis:

FLAG STEAMER BENTON, OFF MEMPHIS, June 8.

I have respectfully to request that you will surrender the city of Memphis to the authority of the United States, which I have the honor to represent. I am, with high respect, your obedient servant,

(Signed,) C. F. DAVIS, Flag Officer.

In reply, the Mayor says: "Your note is received, and in reply I have only to say, as the civil authorities have no means of defence, by the force of circumstances the city is in your hands."

Immediately after our boats' crews landed, and the national flag was hoisted over the Post-office. The party were followed by an excited crowd, but were not interferred with.

The 43d and 46th Indiana regiments now occupy the place. Col. Fitch is in command. The city is quiet.

No demonstration whatever has been made, and it is even asserted that it will not be necessary to declare martial law.

Five of our gunboats now lie abreast of the city. We captured five large steamers which were moored at the levee.

The rebels burned a new gunboat which was nearly ready to launch.

The Vicksburg Whig of the 4th, says that 6,000 Federal troops have landed at Baton Rouge.

The Memphis Avalanche of the 6th says that the locomotives recently run off by the railroad employees have been recovered.

The same paper says that all the bridges between Memphis and Humboldt have been destroyed.

The Army Before Richmond.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Dispatches received at the War Department up to noon to-day state that all is quiet in front of Richmond, except occasional cannonading at our forces employed in bridge operations, but which does not retard their progress.

Official Statement.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The following statement of the loss in the battle of Fair Oaks has been received at the War Department:—

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Statement of the killed, wounded and missing the 31st of May and 1st of June, 1862, in front of Richmond.

	Killed.	Wound.	Missing.
Gen. Sumner's 2d corps,	183	894	146
Gen. Heintzelman's 3d do,	259	980	155
Gen. Keyes' 4th do,	448	1,753	921
Total,	890	3,627	1,223

Grand total of killed, wounded and missing 5,739.

A nominal list will be furnished as soon as the data can be received.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

From Gen. Shields's Division.

FRONT ROYAL, June 8.—News from Gen. Shields's division state that a scouting party crossed the river at the Columbian bridge and went to New Market, but found that Jackson had retreated through there three days ago.

Jackson's army had been reduced to about 5,000 men, the remainder having scattered through the mountains to save themselves.

Gen. Fremont's army had followed them all the way, capturing prisoners, wagons and supplies.

The War in Alabama.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Dispatches have been received at the War Department from Gen. Mitchell, dated Huntsville, Ala., June 6th, stating that an expedition from his army, under the command of Gen. Negley, had driven the enemy, commanded by Gen. Adams, from Winchester through Jasper back to Chattanooga, and utterly defeated and routed them at that point. Their baggage wagons, ammunition and supplies have fallen into our hands.

Miscellaneous.

THE rebel cavalry in Kentucky, under Morgan, are murdering, robbing and committing ravages of all kinds. A portion of them attacked a body of our troops, but were driven off.

THE people of Richmond fear that the James river will rise sufficiently to allow our gunboats to pass over the obstructions.

OUR gunboats have possession of Stono, near Charleston.

GEN. Beauregard has issued an order forbidding correspondents within twenty-five miles of his lines.

ON Sunday afternoon, three hundred and fifty sick and wounded soldiers, thirty or forty of whom are rebels, arrived at this port, from White House, Va., on board the steamer S. R. Spaulding.

THE steamer North America, from Liverpool on the 29th, passed Cape Race on Saturday noon. The British Government Defence Committee have reported that fortifications must continue to form an essential feature in the defence of the country. Measures were about being taken to inquire into the relations existing between England and the United States Government and the Confederates.

☞ "As to being inflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely as she stirred her tea; "high living doesn't always bring it on, depend upon it, though it generally does, sometimes. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, inherits it from his wife's grandfather." "A very queer sort of transmitted gout," replied Doctor Spooner, quietly, but no further remark was made.

☞ PATENT "OZONE LIGHT."—This latest improvement in the combustion of air for illuminating purposes, says the Manchester Courier, has just been tried at the Victoria Station. The invention is patented by Messrs. Trachsel and Clayton, engineers, Ardwick. A first-class carriage was darkened and then lighted with the brilliancy of gas by the new flame, which burned in the usual lamp. Its advantages are that it cannot explode, and shows colors as in daylight. The light is very mild and steady, even when the carriage is in motion. The light is evolved from air passing through certain chemicals. It is not dearer than gas, and is much more portable.

☞ The rebels profess to gather fresh hopes from their awful defeats. If their Confederacy were to die to-morrow, they would swear that death is the very healthiest condition possible.

☞ Some one says that the Confederates determined to "puff up" the Merrimac, because the Federals showed a disposition to run her down.

☞ A correspondent at Norfolk writes as follows: "Upon retiring for the night I found upon the door a little card requesting gentlemen not to leave their boots outside. Upon my query to Sambo in the morning, I was told: "Hi! boss; boots is worth $25 a pair like dem of yourn."

☞ SHOCKING.—A young gentleman who was at one time very much smitten with a pretty little "Friend," says that during his travels through the West Indies he often felt some very severe shocks from earthquakes, but they were not a circumstance when compared with those which he experienced from this little *Earth-Quaker.*

☞ CANADA.—The secession papers in Canada are becoming moderate. Not one of them, so far as we have seen, has proved that the Federalists have not taken New Orleans, or that the rebels are still at Yorktown.

THE WEDDING DAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY LAURA J. ARTER.

The peach trees have paved the orchard
With the daintiest pink shells,
And the yard is set with amethysts,
Of hyacinths and blue bells.
The apple trees wear their opals,
And their corals red and gay;
And the sunbeams sprinkle drops of gold,
For this is my wedding day.

I hear the robin out in the vines,
How sweetly and clearly he sings!
I can see him trilling his merry notes,
With the light on his scarlet wings.
I wonder why I am not glad too—
Why I sit with a heart like lead?
Oh! yes, I remember, some one came in,
And told me a man was dead.

Well, that is nothing, we all must die—
Why am I trying to pray?
I never thought I should feel so sad
When I reached my wedding day.
Do you see that cottage down in the glen?
My Morton built it for me;
We wrapped it around with our sunny dreams,
As pearls are wrapped by the sea.

I could tell you for hours the words he said,
When he asked me to be his wife;
When he drew me out of my darkness and pride,
To the pure depths of his life.
Do you think I look well in my bridal robes?
You know how sweet is his praise:
Let this lace droop lower, now fasten the veil,
And think of the orange sprays.

What are you crying for? are you not glad
To know I will soon be his own?
How sweet it all seems—who hissed in my ear,
"Alone, alone, all alone!"
What! do you tell me that rigid thing,
With hands that are icy cold,
Is my Morton—my darling, whose strong arms oft
Have held me within their fold?

How cruel to torture my poor brain so!
Yet I know it cannot be,
He would not have gone off even to heaven,
Had it taken him from me.
Who said so sadly, "Thy will be done,"
With a voice so soft and low?
Some one was praying for me, I think,
In the room awhile ago.

He kissed me last night, and smoothed my hair,
And said good-bye, while his head
Lay on my heart, and I knew he slept,
Though they all said he was dead.
As if my Morton could thus die,
My Morton so true and gay,
When he knew that another dawn would bring
With its flush our wedding day.

Villa Ridge, Illinois.

THE INSANE FRIEND;

OR, A SEERESS AT FAULT.

"Will you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasinglea, and I am going to have a look at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was "on leave" from my professional avocations in London, and had gone down to spend a few days at Chasinglea, where he had recently begun to practise, hoping to forget, if possible, the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one; I had settled myself down to a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore could enjoy; for to amateurs a bad book is bearable; to a reviewer even a good book is a burden, and the better the book, not unfrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unwonted luxury I was loth to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians of first-rate ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense! You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half-a-crown in order to see a set of conjuring-tricks badly played. Stay here, and I will show you half-a-dozen, quite as good, with a pack of cards."

"I don't know," said Clay, "I always take interest in conjuring-tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of these *clairvoyantes*, mesmerists, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery as transparent as the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood, I have seen things shown and done, my friend, which, if you can explain or reveal, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the breast performed by a mesmerist, the patient remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only did she not scream or speak, but the face gave no sign of pain. I have known more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in dream or waking to persons with no previous notion of impending danger, and I once was witness to a most extraordinary case of *clairvoyant* revelation, which made a lasting impression on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick or collusion—which, indeed, no one could have suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added, reflectively, "that the whole story was *false from beginning to end*."

"That," rejoined I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I must really go," said my friend, obstinately. "I cannot miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the embryo theory I have formed on the subject of *clairvoyance*. So I am going to get wet, and spend five shillings, and you had better come too."

So I put down by book, and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar. We got drenched, and the Seeress proved as very a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay put two questions—one within his own knowledge, and one to be speedily ascertained, viz., "What is my friend's age?" and "What letters have come for me since I left home an hour ago?" Both were answered glibly, and *both wrong*. The Seeress added twelve years to my age, and informed Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereat one or two of the little audience simpered, for Dr. Clay is a general favorite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well?" I said.

"This is the third mere impostor I have seen in a year," remarked Dr. Clay, quietly; "but I had rather see ten such, than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of real *clairvoyance*."

"Is there such a thing?" I demanded, sceptically, "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a fiend with inky fingers, unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"

"When you have heard my first experience on the subject," replied he, "I think you will ask that question in a somewhat different tone. Will you come round by my lodgings to see if there are any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at your rooms, and you shall hear the history."

There was one note for the Doctor from an old farmer, queerly spelled and oddly expressed; but my friend did not think it worth while to go eight miles into the country that night to attend to an attack of the gout, so we adjourned to my rooms, where, amid exhalations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers of mine had been fortunate enough to attract the attention of old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong *penchant* towards the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him some questions about a *clairvoyante* who just then attracted considerable curiosity. She was a young and very pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her power or disease, whichever it should be called, was a gentleman—which few of them are—a man of sense, honor, and considerable reputation as a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself *does not know* that she possesses these powers. Arnold never allows clairvoyance to be named in her presence when she is awake. He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, I am very doubtful. Hitherto Ellen has never told us anything previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things certainly unknown *to her*, and places she has never seen; but she does not answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, any questions concerning which *no one else* has any knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table-drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six miles away from it at the time. But she broke down entirely in trying to tell us what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the *Times* printing office, and in Windsor Park—all three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this, a friend of my brother, Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health, in Edward's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days, or more; and it happened that I wished to write to him on business. So, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, and inquired where my brother was. He started, and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered:

"We did not agree very well: I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Aigischorn, and I came home at once through France."

The answer, and Cleveland's manner, were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave him," rather than he Edward; seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated on seeing me? But I was not much surprised or disturbed. Probably Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward to leave him in disgust, and was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was certainly shy, nervous, restless, and uncomfortable to an extraordinary degree. Edward, than whom no more kindly and patient friend ever lived, had always taken his part: had affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him, much to my surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, rest from anxiety and over study might bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was pale, thin, sallow, and careworn; his habitual restlessness greater than ever; the unmistakable expression of nervous suffering on his face more marked than I had yet seen it. His eyes moved incessantly, never steady for an instant in their gaze, but never meeting mine. His left hand constantly trembling, was occupied with a paper knife; his right fumbled continually at the handle of his table-drawer, which he did not open. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which seemed painful to him. I talked about the college examinations; told him of my success; and finally of the *clairvoyante*, for whose *levee* of that evening I had received two cards of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said sharply and suddenly.

"With pleasure," said I. "Only we have little time to lose; I must be there by seven, it is now twenty minutes after six, and you have your toilet to make."

For, though dressed with faultless neatness

THE WHITE HOUSE, NEW KENT COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. LEE,

The Rebel Commander-in-Chief, and Where Washington Was Married.

The WHITE HOUSE was the residence of Mrs. Custis, when she was a wealthy widow. Some accounts state that the present mansion is not the original White House, but that it was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt. It may be, however, that the dwelling was only partially injured by the flames, and that the present is in an almost literal sense, the very house where Washington was married.

when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his room in a curious undress; his naked feet thrust into a pair of worked slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair covered with a Turkish fez, and his upper garments consisting of a sort of sack of red flannel, falling to the knees, and with two holes cut in it for free play of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a London dandy. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table-drawer, laid down the paper-knife, passed into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time, in plain black evening dress, his small hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail-coat," if I can help it, was almost ashamed of my own attire. We started, however, arm in arm; he walking at a pace with which I could scarcely keep up. The *seance* had not begun when we arrived; and the room into which we were ushered was a dark one.

"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, giving half-a-crown to the servant. And he remained in the entrance-hall till the light was brought, and we entered the room together.

"I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently. "I always think of death."

Other visitors arrived; we were admitted to the operating room, where we sat, in a semicircle, some twelve of us, surrounding the couch on which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked exceedingly beautiful, I must say; and what you would call extremely fragile. I felt sure, as I saw her, that she was doomed; and I was inclined to accuse the mesmerist of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did; and I think so still. A few passes, and she was roused into that undefined and uncomprehended state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can neither describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to us each in turn to put a question to her. Several were asked; I only remember the three last. After all the others had been answered to the satisfaction of the querists, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"

The girl paused a moment—said:

"I have been there before— Oh!" with a shudder of disgust; "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across Cleveland, who sat between us:

"She never was there; but she described it all perfectly last time I saw her. To-day I brought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of frightful disease of the hand. She would not, if she saw it, know it for a woman's."

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale, and his ungloved right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absently crushing it with the restless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous, husky tone, that made us all start with sudden horror.

Its effect on the Seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting posture, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," she slowly replied; then suddenly, "Oh! no! *no*! no!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause: Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl; and presently called on me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"

A moment's hesitating silence; a strange look of surprise, information, horror unspeakable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream, which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly, I would rather meet any bodily danger than hear that scream, and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed before the answer came in words, at first low, tremulous, uncertain; then clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's whole frame quivered with terrible excitement.

"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down—down—at the bottom of that precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body, covered with blood—oh, horrible! I cannot bear to look! It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment, and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking up the snow-mountain, along the road, close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him; he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry, he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice—he has *murdered* him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes.—Vane's voice it was I heard next:

"What is the murderer like?"

"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "He is HERE!" she screamed, and laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shriek which rang through the room, "THOU ART THE MAN!"

I need not attempt to portray the scene that followed. Indeed, I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone. The girl had fallen back upon her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist, himself trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.

Vane got me out of the room, I do not recollect how; and when I became fully conscious of what was passing, we were on our way to Cleveland's lodgings. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered, "Yes, sir; he is just gone up stairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting-room, which was on the first floor. The table-drawer was open: in it my eye caught sight of some papers, tied in a bundle, and directed in Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Beside these was the silver-mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table! the owner was not there! My hand was on the latch of the bed-room door, and I had just become aware that it was locked, when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bed-room.

Cleveland lay on the bed—his white shirt-front shirt soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—fellow to that left in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt, from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course.

* * * * * *

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The paper closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland's remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning, to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good heaven! it was Edward's handwriting—bore, too, a postmark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day on which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred, at once attracted my eye. It ran as follows:—

My unlucky *compagnon de voyage* has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarrelled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side, and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of us our lives. He had been moody and restless all morning, and, finally, as we reached the most dangerous part of the road, stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he must immediately return to England. I was surprised, and when I noticed the expression of his eyes, a little alarmed. I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success; he grew angry, and, when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warded the blow; and he instantly turned, and ran down the hill as if the furies pursued him. I waited till he was out of sight, and then retraced my steps, hoping to find him at the hotel. But he had been too rapid in his movements; had paid the bill, and was gone, an hour before I arrived, nor could I follow him, for no vehicle or horse was left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, pray look after him; for—for though you must keep it to yourself, or only hint to Dr. Vane—I am firmly convinced that Cleveland is, or soon will be, INSANE!

Insane! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder was the creation of a diseased brain, of which all who heard it had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim. The vision of the *clairvoyants*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer, was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his end before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave such a shock to Arnold, that he never ventured to practise the art again.

"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I inquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and mummeries for the future."

"Far from it," returned Clay, seriously.—"It seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and abstruse part of physical science; for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal: and I intend to follow out the clue, at least till I have learned whether or no all these phenomena may be traced to one cause—which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say; or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyante* ever has told us or ever can tell us anything that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they all are mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain. You have let your pipe go out; mine is smoked to an end; good-night."

I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

PERCY GREG.

CURIOUS MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic:—On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on. But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—*English Paper.*

OUR TEETH.—They decay. Hence, unseemly mouths, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? I reply—want of cleanliness. *A clean tooth never decays.* The mouth is a warm place—98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush and (white) Castile soap, every morning; the brush and clear water at night. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth—you will keep them and ruin dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acids, saleratus and hot things are nothing when compared to food decomposing between the teeth. Mercurialization may loosen the teeth, long use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than thousands of dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on the subject. This brief article contains all that is essential.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

☞ Horace Mann, on being asked if he believed in the fall of Adam, replied, "Yes, and not only in the *fall* of Adam, but in a perfect succession of *cataracts* from Adam all the way down."

PERFUMES.

The chief places for the growth of the sweet perfume-producing flowers are Montpellier, Grasse, Niames, Savoy, Cannes and Nice. Nice alone produces a harvest of a hundred thousand pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes, as much again, and of a finer odor. Five hundred pounds of orange blossoms yield about two pounds of pure Neroly oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives particularly well, and produces yearly about nine thousand pounds of blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about one hundred and forty thousand pounds of orange blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of acacia flowers, a hundred and forty thousand pounds of rose leaves, thirty-two thousand pounds of jessamine blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about six hundred pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, of course, demands a very careful treatment.

Nice and Cannes are the paradise of violets, producing annually something like thirteen thousand pounds of blossoms. The variety cultivated is generally the double or Parma violet, which is so productive that the flowers are sold at about five pence per pound; and we all know what sort of bouquet a pound of violets would make.

The abundance in Sicily of every flower which in our climate is most highly prized, recalls the traveller in the story, who arrived in a country where the children played at pitch-and-toss and marbles with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious gems: "These are, doubtless, the sons of some powerful king," he said, and bowed respectfully before them. The children, laughing, made him soon perceive that they were the street-boys, and that the gems were only the pebbles of that country. In Sicily the crimson grenade and rose trees, the peach-colored rhododendrons, and the delicate white camellias, form the country hedges. The white and green myrtles, and pink, white, and flame-shaped and flame-colored tulips, grow wild. When a pleasure-garden is made, the orange and lemon trees are taken out because they are too common. By the same rule, very few people trouble themselves with flowers—they are too vulgar. Alphonse Karr was much surprised to notice that the ladies of Nice never decorated themselves with real flowers, but seemed to dislike them. He observes this is all the more strange in a country where it is no longer a mythological flattery to say that flowers spring from under the ladies' feet. The roses, violets, jessamine and mignonette are cultivated only by the peasants for perfumery purposes, and honored but as we honor potatoes or cabbages.

We are now wholly dependent for our finest perfumes on France, so that when the crop of a flower fails, as did that of the jessamine last year, it will put the manufacturers to serious inconvenience. It would, therefore, be the interest of perfumers to promote the production of those flowers in other countries; and the high price they fetch in the market would make it a very profitable speculation. It has been proposed to cultivate flowers in England on a large scale, for perfumery purposes, but the climate renders this scheme totally impracticable. For English flowers, however beautiful in form or color, do not possess the intensity of odor required for extraction; and the greater part of those used in the south of France for perfumery, would grow here only in hot-houses. The one flower which might be had in abundance would be the rose; but the smell of it is very faint compared with that of the southern rose. Add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labor, and it may be safely said that the cultivation in England of flowers for perfumery would prove as bad a speculation as attempting to make wine from English grapes.

The most widely-known of the toilet-waters having an alcoholic basis is the eau-de-Cologne, invented in the last century by an apothecary in Cologne. It can, however, be made just as well anywhere else, as all the materials come from the South of France and Italy. Its perfume consists principally of the flowers, leaves and rind of the fruit of the bitter orange-tree.—*All the Year Round.*

MR. BEECHER ON NEWSPAPERS.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of a sermon delivered in Plymouth Church last week, thus spoke of newspapers:—"There is a common, vulgar objection about newspapers, that 'they lie' so; they don't lie any more than you do. Man is naturally a lying creature. Truth is a gift from Heaven, and very few of us possess it before they get there. The newspapers give both facts and rumors, and they would be blamed if they did not do so. It is for the reader to judge of these rumors. The last economy should be in regard to newspapers. It is better to deprive the body of some ribbon or jewel or garment, than to deprive the mind of its sustenance."

☞ The burning of cotton on the levees at New Orleans, by the rebels, previous to the surrender of that city, is represented to have been one of the grandest spectacles the world ever saw. Several thousand bales of cotton rolled along the levee, were all on fire at once. It was rather an expensive bonfire, but then it was their neighbors' property.

☞ "Do you know," said Augustus to Juliana, as he lifted up a long strip of lace that she was knitting, "that this is to me all black?" "Is it, indeed?" replied she; "you don't say so. Why?" Juliana felt that she must ask why. "Because," said he, "I see it is *crow shade*." The awful effect upon Juliana's nerves may be imagined.

☞ Censure usually spares the raven and the owl, but the poor white dove had better beware.

KNITTING.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

And her beautiful head dropped lower,
And her red lips trembled apart,
And her soft eyes did not forbid me
To fold her close to my heart.
—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

She sat 'neath the shade of the maples,
When the sun, dying out in the west,
Flushed the landscape with blushes of crimson—
With blood drops from its quivering breast;
When soft through the scarce stirring foliage
Mottled ribbons of light fluttered down,
As if angels were weaving bright meshes
Of vermilion and gold for a crown:
With her eyes glancing up—playing "bo-peep" with Love—
From the shower of curls falling down from above.

"Knitting!" beneath her white fingers
The tissue was rapidly spun,
'Till the counterfeit flowers bloomed lightly,
As if born 'neath the smile of the sun;
Knitting, and smiling, and singing
A strain of an olden time lay,
When faithful the knight, and the lady
As brilliantly bright as the day;
For none fairer the knight e'er battled long,
For each smile was a poem—each word was a song.

"Knitting!" perchance and unthinking,
As swiftly the meshes she weaves,
That she, a "weird sister," was spinning
A life web 'neath the rich maple leaves;
That with every stitch she was tossing
From her needles with exquisite art,
She but fastens a loop in the netting
Already wove close round a heart;
While the words of her love song in beauty disclose
Lips as blushingly red as the depths of the rose!

"Knitting!" Ah! quickly she raises
The lids from each dark flashing eye;
Her breast heaves with a wilder emotion,
And the song changes into a sigh;
A step—it is mine—has aroused her,
Her name on my lips trembles low,
And her face is dashed o'er with a beauty
More bright than the maple's rich glow—
More bright than the willows that seemed drooping in wine—
Than the ash all aflame—than the sunset divine!

"Knitting!" that eve when the violets
Trembled over a silvery stream,
When celestial the red of the flowers,
And golden the lily cups gleam;
When each tree was a glittering sunset,
Each leaf was a pallet of fire,
Each thought a beauty—each motion a grace,
As the clouds swept exultingly higher;
When earth gleamed, as the sunset rolled bright through the west,
As if atoms of rainbows were strewed o'er her breast!

Many times since have the maples
Burned bright in their glorious red,
The violets breathed their sweet incense,
And the rose mocked the sun's blushing bed,
Many sunsets have come and have faded,
Been kindled to glow and expire—
To deluge the earth with their beauty,
And fret it with crimson fire;
But still she is knitting beside me, and of myself is a part,
For the pulse of our *dual* being is the throb of a single heart.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DECISION.

The important sixth of October—important to the Helstonleigh college boys—did not rise very genially. On the contrary, it rose rather sloppily: a soaking rain was steadily descending, and the streets presented a continuous scene of puddles. The boys dashed through it umbrellaless (I never saw one of them carry an umbrella in my life, and don't believe the phenomenon ever was seen), their clean surplices on their arms, on their way to attend ten o'clock morning prayers in the cathedral. The day was a holiday from school, but not from morning service. The college bell was beginning to ring out as they entered the school room. Standing in the senior's place, and calling over the roll, was Tom Channing, the acting senior for a few brief hours. Since Gaunt's departure, the previous day, Tom Channing had been the school's head: it lay in the custom of the school for him so to be. Would his place be confirmed? or would he lose it? Tom looked quite flurried with the suspense. It was not so much the being appointed senior that he thought of, as the disgrace, the humiliation that would be his portion, were he deposed from it. He knew that he deserved the place; that it was his by right; he stood first on the rolls, and he had done nothing whatever to forfeit it. He was the school's best scholar; and—if he was not a perfect model for conduct always—there was this much to be said in his favor, that none of them could boast of being better. The opinion of the school had been veering round for the last few days in favor of Tom. I do not mean that he, personally, was in better odor with it—not at all; the snow-ball, touching Arthur, had gathered strength in the rolling—but in favor of his chances of the seniorship. Not a breath of intimation had the head master given; save that one day, in complaining to Gaunt of the neglect of a point of discipline in the school, which point was entirely under the control of the senior boy, he had turned to Tom, and said,—"Remember, Channing, it must be observed for the future." Tom's heart leaped within him as he heard it, and the boys looked inquiringly at the master. But the master had then got his head buried in the deep drawer of his desk, hunting for a lost paper. Unless he had spoken it in forgetful abstraction—which was not improbable—there could be no doubt that he looked upon Tom as Gaunt's successor. The school so interpreted it, and chose to become, among themselves, sullenly rebellious. As to Tom, who was nearly as sanguine in temperament as Hamish, his hopes and his spirits went up to fever heat.

One of the last to tear through the streets, splashing his jacket behind up to the collar, and splashing his surplice, was Harry Huntley. He, like all the rest, took care to be in time that morning. There would have been no necessity for his racing, however, had he not lingered at home, talking. He was running down from his room, whither he had gone again after breakfast, to give the finishing brush to his hair (I can tell you that some of those college gentlemen were dandies, using a pot and a half of bear's grease a week), when Mr. Huntley's voice was heard, calling him into the breakfast-room.

"Harry," said he, "I don't think I need enjoin you not to suffer your manner to show triumph towards Tom Channing should you be promoted over him to-day."

"I shan't be, papa. Channing will have the seniorship."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, from something Pye let drop. We look upon it that Channing is as good as senior."

Mr. Huntley remembered the tenor of the private conversation the master had held with him, and believed his son would find himself mistaken, and that he, Harry, would be made senior. That it would be Gerald Yorke, Mr. Huntley did not believe.

"At any rate, Harry, take heed to what I say," he resumed. "Be entirely considerate and courteous towards your friend Channing, if you should get it. Do not let me have to blush for my son's ill-feeling."

There was a tone in Mr. Huntley's voice which, to Harry's ears, seemed to intimate that he did not speak without reason.

"Papa, it would not be fair for me to go up over Channing," he impulsively said.

"No. Comparing your merits together, Channing is the better man of the two."

Harry laughed.

"He is not worse, at all events. Why are you saying this, papa?"

"Because I fancy that you are more likely to be the successful one than Tom Channing, I wish I may be mistaken. I would rather he had it; for, personally, he has done nothing to forfeit it."

"If Harry could accept the seniorship and displace Tom Channing, I would not care to call him my brother again," interrupted Ellen Huntley, with a flashing eye.

"It's not that, Ellen; you girls don't understand things," retorted Harry. "If Pye displaces Tom from the seniorship, he does not do it to exalt me; he does it because he won't have him at any price. Were I to turn round like a chivalrous Knight Templar and say I'd not take it, out of regard to my friend Tom, where would be the good?—Yorke would get hoisted over me, and I should be laughed at for a duff. But I'll do as you like, papa," he added, turning to Mr. Huntley. "If you wish me not to take the honor, I'll resign it in favor of Yorke. I never looked for it to be mine, so it will be no disappointment; I always thought we should have Channing."

"Your refusing it would do no good to Channing," said Mr. Huntley. "And I should have grumbled at you, Harry, had you suffered Yorke to slip over your head. Every one in his own right. All I repeat to you, my boy, is, behave as you ought to Tom Channing. Possibly I may pay the college school a visit this morning."

Harry opened his eyes to their utmost width.

"You, papa! Whatever for?"

"That is my business," laughed Mr. Huntley. "It wants but twenty minutes to ten, Harry."

Harry, at the hint, bounded into the hall. He caught up his clean surplice, placed there ready for him, and stuck his trencher on his head, when he was laid hold of by Ellen.

"Harry, boy, it's a crying wrong against Tom Channing. Hamish never did it—"

"*Hamish!*" interrupted Harry, with a broad grin. "A sign who you are thinking of, mademoiselle!"

Mademoiselle turned the color of the scarlet door-mat.

"You know I meant to say Arthur, stupid boy! It's a crying wrong, Harry, upon Tom Channing. Looking at it in the worst light, *he* has been guilty of nothing to forfeit his right. If you can help him to the seniorship, instead of supplanting him, be a brave boy, and do it. God sees all things."

"I shall be late, as sure as a gun!" impatiently returned Harry.

And away he sped through the rain and mud, never slacking speed till he was in the college school-room.

He hung up his trencher, flung his surplice on a bench, and went straight up, with outstretched hand, to Tom Channing, who stood as senior, unfolding the roll.

"Good luck to you, old fellow!" cried he, in a clear voice, that rang through the spacious room. "I hope, with all my heart, that you'll be in this post for many a day!"

"Thank you, Huntley," responded Tom. And he proceeded to call over the roll, though his cheek burnt at sundry hisses that came, in subdued tones, from various parts of the room.

Every boy was present. Not a king's scholar but answered to his name, and Tom signed the roll for the first time; "Channing, acting senior." Not "Channing, senior," yet.—It was a whim of Mr. Pye's that on Sundays and saints' days—that is, whenever the king's scholars had to attend service—the senior boy should sign the roll.

Then they put on their surplices; and rather damp surplices some of them were. The boys disdained bags; let the weather be what it might, the surplices, like themselves, went openly through it. Ready, in their surplices and trenchers, Tom Channing gave the word of command, and they were on the point of filing out, when a freak took Pierce senior to leave his proper place in the ranks and walk by the side of Brittle.

"Halt!" said Channing. "Pierce senior, take your place."

"I shan't," returned Pierce. "Who is to compel me?" he added, with a mocking laugh. "We are without a senior for once."

"I will!" thundered Tom, his face turning white at the implied sneer, the incipient disobedience. "I stand here as the school's senior now, whatever I may do later, and I will be obeyed. Return to your proper place."

There was that in Tom's eye, in Tom's tone, that somehow overawed Mr. Pierce; and he walked sheepishly to his own place. There was no mistaking that Channing would make a firm senior. The boys proceeded, two and two, decorously through the cloisters, snatching off their trenchers as they entered the college gates. Tom and Huntley walked last, Tom bearing the keys. The choir gained, the two branched off right and left, Huntley placing himself at the head of the boys on the left, or *cantoris* side; Tom, assuming his place as acting senior, on the *decani* side. When they should next sit in that cathedral, would their posts be reversed?

The dean was present, and three canons—Dr. Burrows, who was sub-dean; Dr. Gardiner; and Mr. Mence. The head master chanted, and in the stall next to him sat Gaunt.—Gaunt had discarded his surplice with his school-boy life; but curiosity with regard to the seniorship brought him among them again that day.

"I hope you'll keep the place, Channing," he whispered to him, as he passed the boys to get to his stall.

Arthur Channing was at his place at the organ.

Ere eleven o'clock struck, service was over, and the boys marched back again. Not to the school-room—into the chapter house.—The examination, which took place once in three years, was there held. It was conducted quite in a formal manner; Mr. Galloway, as chapter clerk, being present, to call over the roll. The dean, the three prebendaries who had been at service, the head and other masters of the school, all stood together in the chapter house, and the king's scholars, wearing their surplices still, were ranged in a circle before them.

The dean took the examination. Dr. Burrows put a question now and then, but the dean chiefly took it. There is neither space nor time to follow it in detail here: and nobody would care to read it if it were followed. As a whole, the school acquitted itself well, doing credit to its masters; one of the chapter—it was Dr. Gardner, and the only word he spoke throughout—remarked that the head boy was a sound scholar; meaning Tom Channing.

The business over, the dean's words of commendation spoken, then the head master took a step forward and cleared his throat. He addressed himself to the boys exclusively, for what he was about to say had reference to them and himself alone; it was supposed not to concern the clergy. As to the boys, those of them who were of an excitable temperament looked quite pale with suspense, now the long-expected moment was come. Channing? Huntley? Yorke?—which of the three would it be?

"The praise bestowed upon you, gentlemen, by the Dean and Chapter, has been, if possible, more gratifying to myself than to you. It would be superfluous in me to add a word to the admonition given you by the Very Reverend the Dean, as to your future conduct and scholarly improvement. I can only hope, with him, that they may continue to be such as to afford satisfaction to myself and to those gentlemen who are associated with me as masters in the collegiate school."

A pause and a dead silence. The head-master cleared his throat again, and went on:—

"The retirement of William Gaunt from the school renders the seniorship vacant. I am sorry that circumstances, to which I will not more particularly allude, prevent my bestowing it upon the boy whose name stands first on the rolls, Thomas Ingram Channing. I regret this the more, that it is not from any personal fault of Channing's that he is passed over; and this fact I beg may be most distinctly understood. Next to Channing's name stands that of Henry Huntley, and to him I award the seniorship. Henry Huntley, you are appointed senior of Helstonleigh collegiate school. Take your place."

The dead silence was succeeded by a buzz, a murmur, suppressed almost as soon as heard. Tom Channing's face turned scarlet, and then became deadly white. It was a cruel blow. Huntley, with an impetuous step, advanced a few paces, and spoke up bravely, addressing the master.

"I thank you, sir, for the honor you have conferred upon me, but I have no right to it, either by claim or merit. I feel that it is but usurping the place of Channing. Can't you give it to him, please, sir, instead of to me?"

The speech, begun formally and grandly enough for a royal president at a public dinner, and ending in its school-boy fashion, drew a smile from more than one present.—"No," was all the answer vouchsafed by Mr. Pye, but it was spoken with unmistakable emphasis, and he pointed his finger authoritatively to the place already vacated by Tom Channing. Huntley bowed, and took it; and the next thing seen by the boys was Mr. Galloway altering the roll. He transposed the names of Channing and Huntley.

The boys, bowing to the clergy, filed out, and proceeded to the school-room, the masters following them. Tom Channing was very silent. Huntley was silent. Yorke, feeling mad with everybody, was silent. In short, the whole school was silent. Channing delivered the keys of the school to Huntley; and Mr. Pye, with his own hands, took out the roll and made the alteration in the names. For the roll belonging to the Chapter-house was not, as you may have thought, the every-day roll of the school-room.

"Take care what you are about, Huntley," said the master. "A careless senior never finds favor with me."

"Very well, sir," replied Huntley. But he was perfectly conscious, as he spoke, that his chief fault, as senior, would be that of carelessness. And Gaunt, who was standing by and knew it also, telegraphed a significant look to Huntley. The other masters went up to Huntley, shook hands, and congratulated him, for that was the custom of the school; indeed, it was for that purpose only that the masters had gone into the school-room, where they had, that day, no business. Gaunt followed suit next, in shaking hands and congratulating, and the school afterwards, Gerald Yorke doing his part with a bad grace.

"Thank you, all," said Harry Huntley. "But it ought to have been Tom Channing." Poor Tom's feelings, during all this, may be imagined.

The king's scholars were slinging their surplices on their arms to depart, for they had full holiday for the remainder of the day, when they were surprised by the entrance of Mr. Huntley. He went straight up to the head master, nodding pleasantly to the boys, right and left.

"Well, and who is your important senior?" he gayly demanded of the master.

"Henry Huntley."

Mr. Huntley drew in his lips.

"For another's sake I am sorry to hear it. But I can only express my hope that he will do his duty."

"I have just been telling him so," observed the master.

"What brings me here is this, sir," continued Mr. Huntley to the master. "Knowing there was a doubt which of the three senior boys would be chosen, I wished, should it prove to be my son, to speak a word about the Oxford exhibition, which, I believe, generally accompanies the seniorship. It falls due next Easter."

"Yes," said Mr. Pye.

"Then allow me to decline it for my son," replied Mr. Huntley. "He will not need it; and therefore should not stand in the light of any other boy. I deemed it well, sir, to state this at once."

"Thank you," warmly responded the head master; for he knew that it was an unselfish, not to say generous, deed.

Mr. Huntley approached Tom Channing. He took his hand; he shook it heartily, with every mark of affection and respect.

"You must not allow this exaltation of Harry to lessen the friendship you and he entertain for each other," he said, in tones that reached every pair of ears present—and not one but was turned up to listen. "You are more deserving of the place than he, and I am deeply sorry for the circumstances which have caused him to supplant you. Never mind, Tom; bear on bravely, lad, and you'll outlive vexation. Continue to be worthy of your noble father; continue to be my son's friend; there is no boy living whom I would so soon he took pattern by, as by you."

The hot tears rushed into Tom's eyes, and his lip quivered. But that he remembered where he was, he might have lost his self-control. "Thank you, sir," he answered, in a low tone.

"Whew!" whistled Tod Yorke, as they were going out. "A fine friend he is! A thief's brother."

"A thief's brother! A thief's brother!" was the echo.

"But he's not our senior. Ha! ha! that would have been a good joke! He's not our senior!"

And down the steps they clattered, and went splashing home, as they had come, they and their surplices, through the wet streets and the rain.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GHOST.

The moon was high in the heavens, lighting up the tower of the cathedral, illuminating its pinnacles, glittering through the elm trees, bringing forth into view even the dark old ivy on the prebendal houses. A fair night—all too fair for the game that was going to be played in it.

When the Helstonleigh College boys resolved upon what they were pleased to term a "lark"—and, to do them justice, they regarded this, their prospective night's work, in no graver light—they carried it out artistically, with a completeness, a skill, worthy of a better cause. Several days had they been hatching this; laying their plans, arranging the details; it would be their own bungling fault if it miscarried. But the college boys were not bunglers.

Stripped of its details, the bare plot was to exhibit a "ghost" in the cloisters, and to get Charley Channing to pass through them. The seniors knew nothing of the project. Huntley—it was the day following his promotion—would have stopped it at once, careless as he was. Tom Channing would have stopped it. Gerald Yorke might or might not; but Tod had taken care not to tell Gerald. And Griffin, who was burning to exercise in any way his newly acquired power, would certainly have stopped it. They had been too wise to let it come to the knowledge of the seniors. The most difficult part of the business had been old Ketch; but that was managed.

The moonlight shone peacefully on the Boundaries, and the conspirators were stealing up, by ones and twos, to their place of meeting round the dark trunks of the elm trees. Fine as it was over-head, it was less so under foot. The previous day, you may remember, had been a wet one, the night had been wet, and also the forepart of the present day. Schoolboys are not particularly given to reticence, and a few more than the original conspirators had been taken into the plot. They were winding up now, in the weird moonlight, for the hour was approaching.

Once more we must pay a visit to Mr. Ketch in his lodge, at his supper hour. Mr. Ketch had changed his hour for that important meal. Growing old with age or with lumbago, he found early rest congenial to his bones, as he informed his friends; so he supped at seven, and retired betimes. Since the trick played him in the summer, he had taken to have his pint of ale brought to him; deeming it more prudent not to leave his lodge and the keys to fetch it. This was known to the boys, and it rendered their plans a little more difficult.

Mr. Ketch, I say, sat in his lodge, having locked up the cloister about an hour before, sneezing and wheezing, for he was suffering from a cold caught the day previously in the wet. He was spelling over a weekly two-penny newspaper, borrowed from the public-house, by the help of a flaring tallow candle, and a pair of spectacles, of which one glass was out. Cynically severe was he over everything he read, as you know it was in the nature of Mr. Ketch to be. As the three-quarters past six chimed out from the cathedral clock, his door was suddenly opened, and a voice called out "Beer!" Mr. Ketch's supper ale had arrived.

But the arrival did not give that gentleman pleasure, and he started up in what, but for the respect we bear him, we might call a fury. Dashing his one-eyed glasses on the table, he attacked the man;—

"What 'dye mean with your 'beer' at this time o' the evening? It wants a quarter to seven? Haven't you got no card? haven't you got no clock at your place? D'ye think I shall take it in now?"

"Well, it just comes to this," said the man, who was the brewer at the public-house, and made himself useful at odd jobs in his spare time; "if you don't like to take it in now, you can't have it at all of my bringing. I be a going up to t'other end of the town, and shan't be back of this side ten.

Mr. Ketch, with much groaning and grumbling, took the ale and poured it into a jug of his own—a handsome jug, that had been in the wars, and lost its spout and handle—giving back the public-house jug to the man.

"You serve me such a impernt trick again, as to bring my ale a quarter of a hour afore-hand, that's all!" snarled he.

The man received the jug, and went off whistling; he had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Ketch well. That gentleman shut his door with a bang, and proceeded to get out his customary bread and cheese. Not that he had any great love for a bread and cheese supper as a matter of taste; he would very much have preferred something more dainty; only, dainties and Mr. Ketch's pocket did not agree.

"They wants to be took down a notch, that public—sending out a man's supper beer a quarter afore seven, when it ain't ordered to come till seven strikes! Much they cares if it stops a waiting and a flattening, and gets undrinkable. Be I a slave, that I should be forced to swallow my supper afore my tea have well gone down, just to please them? They have got a sight too much custom, that's what it is."

He took a slight draught of the offending ale, and was critically surveying the loaf, before applying to it that green-handled knife of his, whose native elegance you have heard of, when a second summons was heard at the door—a very timid one this time.

Mr. Ketch flung down the bread and the knife.

"What's the reason I can't get a meal in quiet? Who is it?"

There was no response to this, save a second faint tapping.

"Come in!" roared out he. "Pull the string o' the latch."

But nobody came in, in spite of this lucid direction; and the timid tapping, which seemed to proceed from very small knuckles, was repeated again. Mr. Ketch was fain to go, grunting, and open it.

A young damsel of eight or so, in a tattered tippet, and a large bonnet—probably her mother's—stood there, curtseying.

"Please, sir, Mr. Ketch is wanted."

Mr. Ketch was rather taken aback at this strange address, and surveyed its messenger in astonishment.

"Who be you? and who wants him?" growled he.

"Please, sir, it's a gentleman as is a waiting at the big green gates," was the reply. "Mr. Ketch is to go to him this minute; he told me to come and say so, and if you didn't make haste he should be gone."

"Can't you speak consistent?" snarled Ketch. "Who is the gentleman?"

"Please sir, I think it's the bishop."

This put Ketch in a fluster. The "big green gates" could only have reference to the private entrance to the bishop's garden, which entrance his lordship used when attending the cathedral. That the bishop was in Helstonleigh Ketch knew; he had arrived that day, after a short absence; what on earth could he want with *him?* Never doubting, in his hurry, the genuineness of the message, Ketch pulled his door to, and stopped off, the young messenger having already decamped. The green gates were not one minute's walk from the lodge—though a projecting buttress of the cathedral prevented the one being in sight of the other—and old Ketch gained them, and looked around.

Where was the bishop? The iron gates, the garden, the white stones at his feet, the towering cathedral aloft, all lay cold and calm in the moonlight, but of human sound or sight there was none. The gates were locked when he came to try them, and he could not see the bishop anywhere.

He was not likely to see him. Stephen Bywater, who took upon himself much of the plot's acting-part—of which, to give him his due, he was boldly capable—had been on the watch in the street, near the cathedral, for a messenger that would suit his purpose. Seeing this young damsel hurrying along with a jug in her hand, possibly to buy beer for *her* home's supper, he waylaid her.

"Little ninepins, would you like to get threepence?" asked he. "You shall have it, if you'll carry a message for me, close by."

"Little ninepins" had probably never had a whole threepence to herself in her young life, and she caught at the tempting suggestion, and Bywater drilled into her his instructions, finding her excessively stupid over the process. Perhaps that was all the better. "Now, mind, you are *not* to say who wants Mr. Ketch, unless he asks," repeated he for about the fifth time, as she was departing to do the errand. "If he ask, say you think it's the bishop."

So she went and delivered it. But had old Ketch's temper allowed him to go into minute questioning, he might have discovered the trick. Bywater stealthily followed the child, near the lodge, screening himself from observation; and, as soon as old Ketch bobbled out of it, he popped in, snatched the cloister keys from their nail, and deposited a piece of paper, folded as a note, on Ketch's table. Then he made off.

Back came Ketch after a while. He did not know quite what to make of it, but rather inclined to the opinion that the bishop had not waited for him. "He might have wanted me to take a errand round to the deanery," soliloquized he. And this thought had caused him to tarry about the gates, so that he was absent from his lodge quite ten minutes. The first thing he saw, on entering, was the bit of paper on his table. He seized and opened it, grumbling aloud that folks used his house just as they pleased, going in and out without reference to his presence or his absence. The note, written in pencil, purported to be from Joseph Jenkins. It ran as follows:—

"My old father is coming up to our place to-night, to eat a bit of supper, and he says he should like you to join him, which I and Mrs. J. shall be happy if you will, at seven o'clock. It's tripe and onions. Yours, J. JENKINS."

Now, if there was one delicacy, known to this world, more delicious to old Ketch's palate than another, it was tripe, seasoned with plenty of onions. His mouth watered as he read. He was aware that it was—to use the phraseology of Helstonleigh—"tripe night." On two nights in the week tripe was sold in the town ready dressed, onions and all. This was one; and Ketch anticipated a glorious treat. In too great a hurry to cast so much as a glance round his lodge, (crafty Bywater had been deep,) not stopping even to put up the loaf and the cheese and the green-handled knife, only drinking the beer, away hobbled Ketch as fast as his lumbago would allow him, locking safely his door, and not having observed the absence of the keys.

"He ain't a bad sort, that Joe Jenkins," allowed he, conciliated beyond everything at the prospect the invitation held out, and talking to himself as he limped away towards the street. "He don't write a bad hand, neither! It's a plain un; not one o' them new-fangled scrawls that you can't read. Him and his wife have held up their heads a cut above me—oh yes, they have, though, for all Joe's humbleness—but the grand-folks be a coming to. Old Jenkins has always said we'd have a supper together some night, him and me; I suppose this is it. I wonder what made him have it at Joe's? If Joe don't soon get better nor he have looked lately—"

The first chime of the cathedral clock giving notice of the hour, seven, old Ketch broke out all in a heat, and tried to hobble along quicker. Seven o'clock! What if, through being late, his share of the tripe and onions should be eaten!

Peering out every now and then from the deep shade cast by one of the angles of the cathedral, and as swiftly and cautiously drawn back again, was a trencher, apparently watching Ketch. As soon as that functionary was fairly launched on his way, the trencher came out entirely, and went flying at a swift pace round the college to the Boundaries.

It was not worn by Bywater. Bywater, by the help of the filched keys, was safe in the cloisters, absorbed with his companions in the preparations for the grand event of the night. In point of fact, they were getting up Pierce senior. Their precise mode of doing that need not be given. They had requisites in abundance, having disputed among themselves which should be at the honor of the contribution, and the result was an over prodigality.

"There's seven!" exclaimed Bywater in an agony, as the clock struck. "Make haste, Pierce! the young one was to come out at a quarter past. If you're not ready, it will ruin all."

"I shall be ready and waiting, if you don't bother," was the response of Pierce. "I wonder if old Ketch is safely off?"

"What a stunning fright Ketch would be in, if he came in here and met the ghost!" exclaimed Hurst.

A chorus of laughter, which Hurst himself hushed. It would not do for noise to be heard in the cloisters at that hour.

There was nothing to which poor Charley Channing was more sensitive, than to ridicule on the subject of his unhappy failing—the propensity to fear; and there is no failing to which schoolboys are more intolerant. Of moral courage—that is, of courage in the cause of right—Charles had plenty; of physical courage, little. Apart from the misfortune of having had supernatural terror implanted in him in childhood, he would never have been physically brave. Schoolboys cannot understand that this shrinking from danger (I speak of palpable danger) which they call cowardice, nearly always emanates from a superior intellect. Where the mental powers are of a high order, the imagination unusually awakened, danger is sure to be keenly perceived, and sensitively shrunk from. In proportion will be the shrinking dread of ridicule. Charles Channing possessed this dread in a remarkable degree; you may therefore judge how he felt, when he found it mockingly alluded to by Bywater.

On this very day that we are writing of, Bywater caught Charles, and imparted to him in profound confidence an important secret; that a choice few of the boys were about to play old Ketch a trick, obtain the keys, and have a game in the cloisters by

moonlight. A place in the play, he said, had been assigned to Charles. Charles hesitated. Not because it might be wrong so to cheat Ketch—Ketch was the common enemy of the boys, of Charley as of the rest—but because he had plenty of lessons to do. This was Bywater's opportunity; he chose to interpret the hesitation differently.

"So you are afraid, Miss Charley! Ho! ho! Do you think the cloisters will be dark? that the moon won't keep the ghosts away? I say it *can't* be true, what I heard the other day—that you dare not be in the dark, lest ghosts should come and run away with you!"

"Nonsense, Bywater!" returned Charley, changing color like a conscious girl.

"Well, if you are *not* afraid, you'll come and join us," sarcastically returned Bywater. "We shall have stunning good sport.—There'll be about a dozen of us. Rubbish to your lessons! you need not be away from them more than hour. It won't be *dark*, Miss Channing."

After this, nothing would have kept Charley away, fearing their ridicule. He promised faithfully to be in the cloisters at a quarter past seven.

Accordingly, the instant tea was over, he got to his lessons; Tom at one side of the table—who had more, in proportion, to do than Charles—he at the other. Thus were they engaged when Hamish entered.

"What sort of a night is it, Hamish?" asked Charles, thinking of the projected night play.

"Fine," replied Hamish. "Where are they all?"

"Constance is in the drawing-room, giving Annabel her music lesson. Arthur's there too, I think, copying music."

The silence was resumed. Hamish stood over the fire in thought. Tom and Charles went on with their studies.

"Oh dear!" presently exclaimed the latter, in a tone of subdued patience.

Hamish turned his eyes upon him. He thought the bright young face looked unusually weary.

"What is it, Charley, boy?"

"It's this Latin, Hamish. I can't make it come right. And Tom has no time to tell me."

"Bring the Latin here."

Charles carried his difficulties to Hamish.

"It won't come right," repeated he.

"Like Mrs. Dora Copperfield's figures, I expect, that wouldn't add up," said Hamish, as he cast his eyes over the exercise book. "Hallo, young gentleman! what's this? You have been cribbing." He had seen in the past leaves certain exercises so excellently well done as to leave no doubt upon the point.

Charles turned crimson. Cribs were particularly objectionable to Mr. Channing, who had forbidden their use, so far as his sons were concerned. "I could not help it, Hamish. I used the cribs for about a week. The desk made me."

"Made you!"

"Well," confessed Charley, "there has been a row about the cribbing. The rest had cribbed, and I had not, and somehow, through that, it came out to the second master. He asked me a lot of questions, and I was obliged to tell. It made the desk savage, and they said I must do as they did."

"Which you complied with! Nice young gentlemen, all of you!"

"Only for five or six days, Hamish. You may see that, if you look. I am doing my lessons on the square, now, as I did before."

"And don't go off the square again, if you please, sir," repeated Hamish, "or you and I may quarrel. If Mr. Channing is not here, I am."

"You don't know how tyrannical the college boys are."

"Don't I!" said Hamish. "I was a college boy rather longer than you have been yet, Master Charley."

He sat down to the table and so smoothed Charley's difficulties that the boy soon went on swimmingly, and Hamish left him. "How do you get on, Tom?" Hamish asked.

"Better than I need," was Tom's answer, delivered somewhat roughly. "After the injustice done me yesterday, it does not much matter how I get on."

Hamish turned himself round to the fire, and said no more, neither attempting to console nor soothe. Charles's ears were listening for the quarter past seven, and, the moment it chimed out, he quitted his work, took his trencher from the hall, and departed, saying nothing to anybody.

He went along whistling, past Dr. Gardner's house, past the deanery; they and the cathedral tower, rising above them, looked gray in the moonlight. He picked up a stone and sent it right into one of the elm trees; some of the birds, disturbed from their roost, flew out, croaking, over his head. In the old days of superstition it might have been looked upon as an ill omen, coupled with what was to follow. Ah, Charley! if you could but foresee what is before you! if Mrs. Channing, from her unconscious, far-off sojourn, could but know what grievous ill is about to overtake her boy!

Poor Charley suspected nothing. He was whistling a merry tune, laughing, boy-like, at the discomfiture of the cawing rooks, and anticipating the stolen game he and his friends were about to enjoy on forbidden ground. Not a boy in the school loved play better than did Master Charles Channing.

A door on the opposite side of the Boundaries was suddenly opened, to give egress to one who sprung out with a bound. It was Gerald Yorke: and Charley congratulated himself that they were on opposite sides; for he had been warned that this escapade was to be kept from the seniors.

At that minute he saw a boy come forth from the cloisters, and softly whistle to him, as if in token that he was being waited for. Charley answered the whistle, and set off to run. Which of the boys it was he could not tell; the outline of the form and the college cap were visible enough in the moonlight; but not the face. When he gained the cloister entrance he could no longer see him, but supposed the boy had preceded him into the cloisters. On went Charley, groping his way down the narrow passage. "Where are you?" called out he.

There was no answer. Once in the cloisters, a faint light came in from the open windows overlooking the burial yard. A very faint light, indeed, for the buildings all round it were so high, as almost to shut out a view of the sky: you must go close to the window-frame before you could see it.

"I—s-a-a-y!" roared Charley again, at the top of his voice, "where are you all?" Is nobody here?"

There came neither response nor sign of it. One faint sound certainly did seem to strike upon his ear from behind: it was like the click of a lock being turned. Charley looked sharply round, but all seemed still again. The low, dark, narrow passage was behind him; the dim cloisters was before him; he was standing at the corner formed by the east and south quadrangles, and the pale burial ground in their midst, with its damp grass and its grave-stones, looked cold and lonesome in the moonlight.

The strange silence—it was not the silence of daylight—struck upon Charles with dismay.

"You fellows, there!" he called out again, in desperation. "What's the good of playing up this nonsense?"

The tones of his voice died away in the echoes of the cloisters, but of other answer there was none. At that instant a rook, no doubt one of the birds he had disturbed, came diving down, and flapped its wings across the burial-ground. The sight of something moving there nearly startled Charles out of his senses, and the matter was not much mended when he discovered it was only a bird. He turned, and flew down the passage to the entrance quicker than he had come up it; but, instead of passing out, he found the iron gate closed. What could have shut it? There was no wind. And if there had been a wind ever so boisterous, it could scarcely have moved that little low gate, for it opened inwards.

Charles seized it to pull it open. It resisted his efforts. He tried to shake it, but little came of that, for the gate fastened firmly. Bit by bit stole the conviction over his mind that he was locked in.

Then a panic seized him. He was locked in the ghostly cloisters, close to the graves of the dead; on the very spot where, as idle tales went, the monks of by-gone ages came out of those recording stones, under his feet, and showed themselves at midnight. Not a step could he take, round the cloisters, but his foot must press those stones. To be locked in the cloisters had been nothing (in this point of view) for brave, grown, sensible men, such as the bishop, Jenkins, and Ketch—and they had been three in company, besides—but for many a boy it would have been a great deal; and for Charles Channing it was awful.

That he was alone, he never doubted. He believed—as fully as belief, or any other feeling, could flash into his horrified mind and find a place in it—that Bywater had decoyed him into the cloisters and left him there, in return for his refusal to disclose what he knew of the suspicions bearing upon the damaged surplice. All the dread terrors of his childhood rose up before him; to say that he was mad in that moment might not be quite correct; but it is certain his mind was not perfectly sane. His whole body, his face, his hair, grew damp in an instant, as does one in mortal agony, and with a smothered cry, which was not like that of a human being, he turned and fled through the cloisters, in the vague hope to find the other gate open.

It may be difficult for some of you to understand this excessive terror, albeit the situation was not a particularly desirable one. A college boy, in these enlightened days, laughs at supernatural tales as the delusions of ignorance in ages past; but for those who have had the misfortune to be imbued in infancy with superstition, as was Charles Channing, the terror exists still, college boys though they may be. He could not have told (had he been collected enough to tell anything) what his precise dread was, as he flew through the cloisters. None can, at these moments. A sort of bugbear rises up in their mind, and they shrink from it, though they see not what its exact nature may be; but it is a bugbear that can neither be faced nor borne.

Feeling like one about to die; feeling as if death, in that awful moment, might be a boon, rather than the contrary, Charles sped down the east quadrangle, and turned into the north. At the extremity of the north side, forming the angle between it and the west, commenced the narrow passage similar to the one he had just traversed, which led to the west gate of egress. A faint glimmering of the white flagged stones beyond this gate, gave a promise that it was open. A half-uttered sound of thankfulness escaped him, and he sped on.

Ah! but what was that? What was it that he came upon in the middle of the north quadrangle, standing within the niches? A towering white form, with a ghastly face, telling of the dead; a mysterious, supernatural-looking blue flame lighting it up round about. It came out of the niche and advanced slowly upon him. An awful cry escaped from his heart, and went ringing up to the roof of the cloisters. Oh, that the dean, sitting in his deanery contiguous to the chapter-house, could have heard that helpless cry of anguish!—that Dr. Burrows, nearer still, could have heard it, and burst forth into the cloisters with the succor of his presence! No, no; there could be no succor for a place that was supposed to be empty and closed.

Back to the locked gate—with perhaps the apparition following him? or forward *past* IT to the open door of egress? Which was it to be? In these moments there can be no reason to guide the course; but there is instinct; and instinct took that ill-fated child to the open door.

How he got past the sight, it is impossible to tell. Had it been right in front of his path, he never would have got past it. But it had made a halt when just beyond the niche, not coming out very far. With his poor hands stretched out, and his breath leaving him, Charles did get by, and made for the door, the ghost bringing up the rear with a yell, while those old cloister-niches, when he was fairly gone, grew alive with moving figures, which came out of their dark corners, and shrieked aloud with laughter.

Away, he knew not whither—away, like one who is being pursued by an unearthly phantom—deep catchings of the breath, as will follow undue bodily exertion, telling of something not right within; wild, low, abrupt sounds breaking from him at intervals—thus he flew, turning to the left, which took him towards the river. Anywhere from the dreaded cloisters; anywhere from the old, gray, ghostly edifice; anywhere in his dread and agony. He dashed past the boat-house, down the steps, turning on to the river pathway, and—

Whether the light, hanging at the boat-house, deceived his sight—whether the slippery mud caused him to lose his footing—whether he was running too quickly and could not stop himself in time—or whether, in his irrepressible fear, he threw himself unconsciously in, to escape what might be behind him, will never be known. Certain it is, the unhappy boy went, plunge, into the river, another and a last wild cry escaping him as the waters closed over his head.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. KETCH'S EVENING VISIT.

It was surely a breach of politeness on our part not to attend Mr. Ketch in his impromptu evening visit! He shuffled along at the very top of his speed, his mouth watering all the way, and the delicious odor of the tripe and onions appearing to be borne on the air to his olfactory nerves; so powerful is the force of fancy. Arrived at his destination, he found the shop closed. It was Mrs. Jenkins's custom to close at seven from October to April, inclusive; and the shutters had now just been put up. Mr. Ketch seized the knocker on the shop-door—there was no other entrance to the house—and brought it down with a force that shook the first-floor sitting-room, and startled Mr. Harper, the lay-clerk, nearly out of his arm-chair, as he sat before the fire. Mrs. Jenkins's maid, a young person of seventeen, very much given to blacking her face, opened it.

"Be I in time?" demanded Ketch, his voice all in a shake.

"In time for what?"-responded the girl.

"Why, for supper," said Ketch, penetrating into the shop, which was lighted by a candle that stood on the counter, the one the girl had brought in her hand. "Is old Jenkins, the bedesman, come yet?"

"Old Jenkins ain't here," said she. "You'd better go into the parlor, if you be come to supper."

Ketch went down the shop, sniffing curiously. Sharp as fancy is, he could not say that his nose was yet regaled with the scent of the onions, but he supposed the saucepan-lid might be on. For, as was known to Mr. Ketch, and to other of the initiated in tripe mysteries, it was generally deemed advisable, by good housewives, to give the tripe a boil up at home, lest it should have got cold in its transit from the vendor's. The girl threw open the door of the small parlor, and told him he might sit down if he liked; she did not overburthen the gentleman with civility.

"Missis 'll be here soon," said she.

Ketch entered the parlor, and sat down. There was a fire in the grate, but no light, and there were not, so far as Ketch could see, any preparations yet for the entertainment.

"They be a going to have it down-stairs in the kitchen," soliloquised he. "And that's a sight more comfortabler. She's gone out to fetch it, I shouldn't wonder!" he continued, alluding to Mrs. Jenkins, and sniffing again strongly, but obtaining no result. "That's right! she won't let 'em serve her with short onions, she won't; she have got a tongue of her own. I wonder how much beer there'll be!"

He sat on, pretty patiently for him, about half an hour, sniffing incessantly, and then he took the liberty of replenishing the fire from a coal-box that stood there. Another quarter of an hour was passed much more impatiently, when Ketch began to grow uneasy and lose himself in all sorts of grave conjectures. Could she have arrived too late at the tripe shop, and found the tripe all sold, and so had stopped out to supper somewhere herself? Such a thing as a run on the delicacy had occurred more than once, to Ketch's certain knowledge, and tardy customers had been sent away disappointed, to wait in longing anticipations for the next tripe night. He went into a cold perspiration at the bare idea; almost like another had done that night in the cloisters, in his terrible agony. And where was old Jenkins, all this time, that *he* had not come? And were was Joe? A pretty thing to invite a gentleman out to a hasty supper, and serve him in this way! What could they mean by it?

He groped his way round the corner of the shop to where lay the kitchen stairs, whose position he pretty well knew, and called down them:

"Here, Sally, Betty—whatever your name is—ain't there nobody at home?"

The girl heard, and came forth, the same candle in her hand.

"Who be you a calling to, I'd like to know? My name's Lidyar, if you please."

"Where's your missis?" responded Ketch, suffering the matter of the name to drop into abeyance. "Is she gone out for the tripe?"

"Gone out for what tripe?" asked the girl. "What be you a talking of?"

"The tripe for supper," said Ketch.

"There ain't no tripe for supper," replied she.

"There is tripe for supper," persisted Ketch. "And me and old Jenkins is a going to have some of it. There's tripe and onions."

The girl shook her head.

"I dun know nothing about it. Missis is up-stairs, a fixing the mustard."

Oh come! this gave a promise of something. Old Ketch thought mustard the greatest condiment that tripe could be accompanied by, in conjunction with onions. But she must have been a long while "fixing" the mustard; whatever that might mean. And where was the tripe? His spirits dropped again, and he grew rather exasperated.

"Go up and ask your missis how long I be to wait?" he growled. "I was told to come here at seven for supper—and now it's a'most eight."

The girl, feeling possibly a little curiosity herself, came up with her candle.

"Master ain't so well to-night," remarked she. "He's gone to bed, and missis is a putting him a plaster on his chest."

The words fell on old Ketch like ice.

"A mustard-plaster?" shrieked he.

"What else but a mustard-plaster!" she retorted. "Did you think it was a pitch? There's a fire lighted up yonder in his room grate, and she's a making of it there."

Nothing more sure. Poor Jenkins, who had coughed more than usual the last two days, perhaps from the wet weather, and whose chest in consequence was very painful, had been ordered to bed this night by his wife when tea was over; going up herself, as soon as her shop was shut, to administer a mustard-plaster. Ketch was quite stunned with uncertainty. A man in bed, with a plaster to his chest, was not likely to invite company to supper.

Before he had seen his way out of the shock, or the girl had done staring at him, Mrs. Jenkins descended the stairs and joined them, having been attracted by the noise. She had slipped on an old buff dressing-gown over her clothes, in her capacity of nurse, and looked rather in dishabille; certainly not like a lady who is about to give an entertainment.

"He says he's come to supper; tripe and onions," said the girl, introducing Mr. Ketch and the subject unceremoniously to her wondering mistress.

Mrs. Jenkins, not much more famous for meekness in expressing her opinions than was Ketch, turned her gaze upon that gentleman.

"*What* do you say you have come for?" asked she.

"Why, I have come for supper, that's what I have come for," shrieked Ketch, all in a tremble. "Jenkins invited me to supper, off tripe and onions, and I'd like to know what it all means, and where the supper is."

"You are going into your dotage," said Mrs. Jenkins, with an amount of scorn so great that it exasperated Ketch as much as the words themselves. "You'll be wanting a lunatic asylum next. Tripe and onions! If Jenkins was to hint at such a thing as a plate of tripe coming inside my house, I'd tripe him. There's nothing I have such a hatred to as tripe; and he knows it."

"Is this the way to treat a man?" foamed Ketch, his disappointment and his hunger driving him nearly into the state hinted at by Mrs. Jenkins. "Joe Jenkins takes and sends me down a note a hour ago, to come here to supper with his old father, which it was to be tripe and onions! It *is* tripe night!" continued he, rather wandering from the point of argument, as the tears filled his eyes. "You can't deny as it's tripe night."

"Here, Lydia, open the door and let him out," cried Mrs. Jenkins, waving her hand imperatively towards it. "And what have you been at with your face again?" continued she, as the candle, held by that damsel, reflected its light aloft. "One can't see it for colly! if I *do* put you into the mask I have threatened, you won't like it, girl. Hold your tongue, old Ketch, or I'll call Mr. Harper down to you. Write a note! What else? He has wrote no note; he has been too suffering the last few hours to think of notes, or of you either. You *are* a lunatic, it's my belief."

"I shall be drove one," sobbed Ketch. "I was promised a treat of tripe and onions—"

"Is that door open, Lydia? There? Take yourself and your tripe and onions off. My goodness me! disturbing my house with such a crazy errand!" And, taking old Ketch by the shoulders, who was rather feeble and tottery, from his lumbago and his age, Mrs. Jenkins politely marshalled him outside, and closed the door upon him.

"Insolent old fellow!" she exclaimed to her husband, to whom she went at once and related the occurrence. "I wonder what he'll pretend he has next from you? A note of invitation, indeed!"

"My dear," said Jenkins, revolving the news, and speaking as well as his sore chest would allow him, "it must have been a trick played him by the young college gentlemen. We should not be too hard upon the poor old man. He's not very agreeable or pleasant tempered, I'm afraid it must be allowed, but—I'd not have sent him away without a bit of supper, my dear."

"I daresay you'd not," retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "All the world knows you are soft enough for anything. I have sent him away with a flea in his ear; that's what I have done."

Mr. Ketch had at length come to the same conclusion—that the invitation must be the work of the college gentlemen. Only fancy the unhappy man, standing outside Mrs. Jenkins's inhospitable door! Deceived, betrayed, fainting for his supper, done out of the delicious tripe and onions, done out even of his own bread and cheese, and, so to say, of his beer, for that was gone, he leaned against the shutters, and gave vent to a prolonged and piteous howl. It might have drawn tears from a stone.

In a frame of mind that was not enviable, he turned his steps homeward, clasping his hands upon his empty, ill treated stomach, and vowing the most intense vengeance upon the college boys. The occurrence naturally caused him to cast back his thoughts to the other trick—the locking him in the cloisters, in which Jenkins had been a fellow victim—and he doubled his fists in impotent anger.

"This comes of their not having been flogged for that!" he groaned.

Engaged in these reflections of gall and bitterness, old Ketch gained his lodge, unlocked it, and entered. No wonder that he turned his eyes upon the cloister keys, the reminiscence being so strong within him.

But to say he turned his eyes upon the cloister keys, is but a figure of speech. No keys were there. Ketch stood like a transfixed statue, and stared as hard as the flickering blaze from his dying fire would allow him. Seizing a match-box, he struck a light and held it to the hook. The keys were *not* there.

Ketch was no conjuror, and it never occurred to him to suspect that the keys had been removed before his own departure.

"How had them wicked ones got in?" he foamed. "Had they forced his winder?—had they took a skeleton key to his door?—had they come down the chimbley? They was capable of all three exploits; and the more soot they collected about 'em in the descent, the better they'd like it. He didn't think they'd mind a little fire. It was that insolent Bywater?—or that young villain, Tod Yorke?—or that undaunted Tom Channing?—or perhaps the three leagued together! Nothing wouldn't tame *them*."

He examined the window; he examined the door; he cast a glance up the chimney. Nothing, however, appeared to have been touched or disturbed, and there was no soot on the floor. Cutting off a piece of bread and cheese, groaning at it for its dryness, and eating it as he went, he proceeded out again, locking up his lodge as before.

Of course he bent his steps to the cloisters, going to the west gate. And there, perhaps to his surprise, perhaps not, he found the gate locked, just as he might have left it himself that very evening, and the keys hanging ingeniously, by means of the string, from one of the studded nails, right over the key-hole.

"There ain't a boy in the school but what'll come to be hung!" danced old Ketch, in his rage.

He would have preferred not to find the keys; but to go to the head master with a story of their loss—their theft. It was possible—it was just possible—that going, keys in hand, the master might refuse to give credence to his tale.

Away he hobbled, and arrived at the house of the head master. Check the first! The master was not at home. He had gone to a dinner-party. The other masters lived at a distance, and Ketch's old legs were aching. What was he to do? Make his complaint to somebody, he was determined upon. The new senior, Huntley, lived too far for his lumbago, and so he turned his steps to the next senior's, Tom Channing, and demanded to see him.

Tom heard the story, which was given him in detail. He told Ketch—and with truth—that he knew nothing about it, but would make inquiries in the morning. Ketch was fain to depart, and Tom returned to the sitting-room and threw himself in a chair in a burst of laughter.

"What is the matter?" they asked.

"The primest lark," returned Tom. "Some of the fellows have been sending Ketch an invitation to sup at Jenkins's off tripe and onions, and when he got there he found it was a hoax, and Mrs. Jenkins turned him out again. That's what Master Charley must have gone after."

Hamish turned round.

"Where *is* Charley, by the way?"

"Gone after it, there's no doubt," replied Tom. "Here's his exercise, not finished yet, and his pen left inside the book. Oh, yes that's where he has gone!"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SEARCH.

"Tom, where is Charles?"

"He is not in my pocket," responded Tom Channing, who was buried deep in his studies, as he had been for some hours.

"Thomas, that is not the proper way to answer me," resumed Constance, in a tone of seriousness, for it was from her the question had proceeded. "It is strange he should run suddenly out in the abrupt way you describe, and remain so long as this. It is half-past nine! I am waiting to read."

"The boys are up to some trick to-night with Mr. Calcraft, Constance, and he is one of them," said Tom. "He is sure to be in soon."

Constance remained silent; not satisfied. A nameless, undefined sort of dread was creeping over her. Engaged with Annabel until eight o'clock, when she returned to the general sitting room, she found Charles absent, much to her surprise. Expecting him to make his appearance every moment, the time may have seemed to her long, and his absence all the more unaccountable. It had now gone on to half-past nine, and still he was not come, and his lessons were not done. It was his hour for bed-time.

Tom had more than usual to do that night, and it was nearly ten when he rose from his books. Constance watched him put them aside, and stretch himself. Then she spoke:

"Tom, you must go and find Charles. I begin to feel uneasy. Something must have happened, to keep him out like this."

The feeling "uneasy" rather amused Tom. Previsions of evil are not apt to torment school boys. "I expect the worst that has happened may be a battle royal with old Ketch," said he. "However, the young monkey had no business to cut short his lessons in the midst, and go off in this way, so I'll just be after him and march him home."

Tom took his trencher and flew towards the cathedral. He fully expected the boys would be gathered somewhere round it, not a hundred miles from old Ketch's lodge. But he could not come upon them anywhere. The lodge was closed, was dark and silent, showing every probability that its master had retired for the night to sleep away his discomfiture; the cloisters were closed; and the Boundaries lay calm in the moonlight, undisturbed by a single footstep. There was no sign of Charles, or of any other college boy.

Tom halted in indecision. "Where can he have got to, I wonder? I'm sure I don't know where to look *for* him! I'll ask at Yorke's! If there's any mischief up, Tod's sure to know of it."

He crossed the Boundaries, and rang at Lady Augusta's door. Tod himself opened it. Probably he thought it might be one of his friends the conspirators; certainly he had not expected to find Tom Channing standing there, and he looked inclined to run away again.

"Tod Yorke, do you know anything of Charles?"

"Law! how should I know anything of him?" returned Tod, taking courage, and putting a bold face upon it. "Is he lost?"

"He is not lost, I suppose; but he has disappeared somewhere. Were you in the game with old Ketch to night?"

"What game?" inquired Tod, innocently.

But at this moment, Gerald, hearing Tom's voice, came out of the sitting room. Gerald Yorke had a little cooled down from his resentment against Tom. Since the decision of the previous day, nearly all Gerald's wrath had been turned upon Mr. Pye, because that gentleman had not exalted him to the seniorship. So great was it that he had *no room* to think of Tom: besides, Tom was a fellow sufferer, and had been passed over equally with himself.

"What's the row?" asked Gerald.

Tom explained, stating that he heard from Ketch of the trick the boys had played him; and Charley's absence. Gerald, who really was not cognizant of it in any way, listened with avidity, making his own comments, and enjoying beyond everything the account of Ketch's fast in the supper department. Both he and Tom exploded with mirth: and Tod, who said nothing, but listened with his hands in his pockets, dancing first on one leg, then on the other, nearly laughed himself into fits.

"What did they take out the cloister keys for?" demanded Gerald.

"Who's to know?" said Tom. "I thought Tod was sure to be in it."

"Don't I wish I had been!" responded that gentleman, turning up the whites of his eyes to give earnestness to the wish.

Gerald looked round at Tod, a faint suspicion stealing over him that the denial was less genuine than it appeared. In point of fact, Mr. Tod's had been the identical trencher, spoken of as having watched the effect of the message upon old Ketch.

"I say, Tod, you were off somewhere to-night for about two hours," said Gerald. "I'll declare you were."

"I know I was," said Tod, readily. "I had an appointment with Mark Galloway, and I went to keep it. If you skinned me alive, Channing, I couldn't tell where Miss Charley is, or where he's likely to be."

True enough, in the abstract. Tom Channing stopped talking a short while longer, and then ran home.

"Is Charley in yet?" was his first question.

No, Charley was not in; and the household now became seriously concerned. It was past ten. By his leaving his lessons half done, and his pen inside his exercise-book—of which exercise he had not left many words to complete; but he had other studies to do—it was evident to them that he had not gone out intending to stay. Indeed, if he required to go out in an evening, he always asked leave, and mentioned where he was going to.

"Haven't you found him?" exclaimed Judith, coming forward as Tom entered. "Where in the world can the child be?"

"Oh, he's all safe somewhere," said Tom. "Don't worry your old head, Judy."

"It's fit that somebody should worry their heads," retorted Judith sharply to Tom. "He never stopped out like this afore—never! Pray Heaven there's no harm come anigh him!"

"Well done, Judy!" was Tom's answer. "Harm! What harm is likely to have come to him? Helstonleigh has not been shaken by an earthquake to-night, to swallow him up; and I don't suppose any voracious kite has descended from the skies and carried him off in her talons. You'll make a simpleton of that boy till he's twenty!"

Judith—who, truth to say, did look very much after Charley, love him and indulge him—wasted no more words on Tom, and went straight up to Hamish's room, and knocked at the door. Hamish was in it, at his writing-table as usual, and Judith heard a drawer opened and shut before he came to her.

"Mr. Hamish, it's very queer about the child!" said Judith. "I don't half like it."

"What! Is he not come in?"

"No, he's not. And just to look how he has left his books and his lessons about, is enough to prove that something or other must have kept him. I declare, my heart's all in a quake! Master Tom, he have been out, and can't find no traces of him—though it's hard to tell whether he troubled himself to look much. Boys be as careless one of another as so many young animals."

"I will come down directly, Judith."

He shut the door, right in front of Judith's inquisitive nose, which was peering in to see what might be seen. Judith's curiosity in reference to her young master's night employment had increased, rather than abated. Every night, night after night, as Hamish came home with the account books of the office under his arm, and carried them straight to his bed-room, Judith watched him go up with jealous eyes. Constance also watched him; watched him in far more uneasy frame of mind than could be Judith's. The bringing home those books now, in Mr. Channing's absence, was only too plain a proof to Constance that his night work must be connected with them; and a perfectly sick feeling would

rush over her heart. Surely they could be nothing amiss with the accounts?

Hamish shut the door, shutting out Judy. She heard him putting things away; she heard a lock turned, and the keys removed. Then he came forth, and went down with Judith.

The difficulty was where to look for Charles? It was possible that he might have gone to the houses of any one of the schoolboys, and be there staying: if not very likely, still it was by no means impossible. Tom was dispatched to Mr. Pye's, who had some half-dozen of the king's scholars boarding in his house; and thence to other houses in the vicinity. All with the like result; all denied knowledge of Charles. The college bell struck eleven; the sound booming out in the silence of the night on their listening ears; and with that sound, Hamish grew alarmed.

They went out different ways: Hamish, Arthur, Tom and Judith. Sarah was excessively anxious to make one of the searching party, but Judith imperatively ordered her to stop at home and mind her own business. Judy ran around and about the college, like anybody wild; nothing extra on her shoulders, and the border of her mob-cap flying. But the old red walls were high, and impenetrable, and silent, telling nothing of Charles Channing. She stopped at the boat-house to some of the prebendal residences, and glanced over at the river. The water was flowing tranquilly along between its banks, giving out no sign that a young child was drowning or had been drowned there not many hours before. "No," said Judy to herself, rejecting the doubt which had come over her as improbable, "he can't have got in there. We should have heard of it."

She turned and took a survey around. She did not know what to do, or where to look. Still, cold, shadowy, it all lay: the cathedral, the old houses, and the elm trees, with their birds, at rest now. "Where can he have got to?" exclaimed Judith, with a touch of temper.

One thing was certain, that it was of no use to wait where she was, and Judith betook herself home again. Just past the house of Lady Augusta Yorke she encountered the head master, who was walking with a quick step towards his home. He said "good night" to Judith as he passed her; but she arrested him.

"We are in a fine way, sir! We can't find Master Charles!"

"Not find Master Charles?" repeated the Rev. Mr. Pye. "How do you mean?"

"Why, it happened in this way, sir," said Judith. "He was at his lessons, as usual, with Master Tom, and he suddenly gets up and leaves them, and goes out, without saying a word to nobody. That was at seven, or a bit later; and he has never come in again?"

"He must be staying somewhere," remarked Mr. Pye.

"So we all thought, sir, till it got late. He's not likely to be staying anywhere now. Who'd keep him till this hour, a terrifying of us all into fits? Ketch—"

"Halloa, Judy! Any luck?"

The interruption came from Tom Channing. He had discerned Judy's cap from the other side of the Boundaries, and now came running across, unconscious that her companion was the head master. Judy went on with her communication.

"Ketch, the porter, came to Master Tom an hour or two ago, complaining that the college boys had been serving him a trick to-night. They had pretended to invite him out somewhere to supper, and stole his cloister keys while he was gone. Now, sir, I'd not like to say too much again that surly-tempered brown bear," went on Judy, "but if he has got anything to do with the keeping the child out, he ought to be punished."

Tom was up now, saw it was the master, and touched his trencher.

"Have you found your brother?" asked the master.

"No, sir. It is very strange where he can have got to."

"What trick have the boys been playing Ketch to-night?" resumed Mr. Pye. "Your servant tells me that he has been round to you with a complaint of them."

Tom went into a white heat. Judy ought to have kept her mouth shut. It was not his place to inform against the school, privately, to the master. "Y-es," he hesitatingly said; for an untruth he would not tell.

"What was the complaint?" continued Mr. Pye. "Could this disappearance of your brother's be connected with it?"

"No, sir, I don't see that it could," replied Tom.

"You don't see! Perhaps you'll let me see, and judge. What had the boys been doing? Channing," firmly spoke the master, perceiving his hesitation, "I *insist* upon knowing."

Tom was at his wits' ends. He might not defy the master, on the one hand; on the other, he knew the school would send him to Coventry, for ever and a day, if he spoke; as he himself would have sent any boy, in it, doing the like. He heartily wished Judy had been over in Asia before she had spoken of it, and her tongue with her.

"Were you in the affair yourself, pray?" asked the master.

"No, sir, indeed I was not; and I do not know a single boy who was. I have heard nothing of it, except from Ketch."

"Then what is your objection to tell me?"

"Well, sir, you know the rules we hold amongst ourselves," said Tom, blurting out the truth in his desperation. "I scarcely dare tell you."

"Yes, you dare, Channing, when I command you to do so," was the significant answer.

Tom had no resource; and, very unwillingly, Ketch's details were drawn from him bit by bit; the pseudo-invitation, the disappointment touching the tripe and onions, the missing the cloister keys when he got home, and the finding them upon the outside of the west door.

"Did he enter the cloisters and examine them?" said the master, speaking hastily. A phase of probability had struck him, which had not struck any of the Channings; and it was curious that it had not.

"I think not, sir," replied Tom.

"Then, that's where Charles is, locked up in the cloister?" said the master, the recollection of the former locking-up no doubt helping him to the conclusion. "The fact of the keys being left hanging outside the cloister door might have been sufficient to direct your suspicions."

Tom felt the force of the words; and was wondering how it was he had not thought of it, when a cry burst from Judith.

"If he is there, he will never come out alive! Oh, sir, what will become of us?"

The master was surprised. He knew it was not a desirable situation for any young boy; but "never come out alive" were strong terms. Judy explained them. She poured into the master's ears the unhappy story of Charles's having been frightened in childhood; of his propensity still to supernatural fears.

"Make haste round! we must get the cloisters open immediately!" exclaimed the master, as all the full truth of the dread, imparted by Judith, became clear to him. "Channing, you have light heels; run on and knock up Ketch."

Tom tore off; never a lighter pair of heels than his to-night; and the master and the old servant followed. The master's sympathies, nay, his lively fears, were strongly awakened, and he could not leave the affair in this stage, late though the hour was.

They arrived, to find Tom pummelling at Ketch's door. But, to pummel was one thing; to arouse Mr. Ketch another. Mr. Ketch chose to remain deaf. "I'll try the window," said Tom, "he must hear; his bed is close at hand."

He knocked sharply at the window; and it at length elicited an answer from the drowsy gentleman, composed entirely of growls and abusive words.

"Get up," called out Tom; "the keys of the cloisters are wanted."

"Then they may be wanted!" responded old Ketch, in a muffled tone, as if he were speaking from the bed-clothes. "I'll see you all furder afore you gets the keys from me."

"Ketch, produce the keys this instant!" interposed the master. "You know my voice; the Rev. Mr. Pye's. How dare you!"

"I'll 'dare' you all, if you don't go away!" raved old Ketch, mistaking, or pretending to mistake, the disturbers for his enemies the college boys. "It's a second edition of the trick you played me this evening, is it? I hope the days 'll come when your stomachs 'll be a starving for tripe and onions, I do; I'll go to the dean with the first blessed glimmer o' daylight—"

"Ketch! I am the head master. I am come for the cloister keys. There's a poor boy locked in the cloisters!"

"Is there? That's a good thing. I wouldn't unlock him for a mint o' diaments. If you don't be off, I'll call the perlice."

"Fire! fire!" shouted Judy, in a shrill tone, putting her mouth to the keyhole, for she despaired of gaining over Ketch by any other means. "What a idiot you be, old Ketch! Do you want to be burnt up alive?"

"Fire!" shouted Tom, in stentorian tones. "Fire! fire!" And Ketch, whether he was really alarmed, or whether he recognized the head master's voice and deemed it imprudent to hold out longer, bundled out of bed, opened the door, and appeared before them in his night attire, which was more airy than elegant. Another minute, and impetuous Tom would have burst the window in.

"Beg pardon," said Ketch, ungraciously, to the master. "Them boys plays me up such tricks, that I'm always a thinking of 'em. Where's the fire?"

"I don't think it's anywhere," said the master. "The cloister keys, Ketch: and make haste. Which of the boys played the trick to-night?"

Ketch gave a yell, for the point was a sore one.

"I never set eyes on one of 'em! They be too cunning for me."

"Was my brother Charles one?" asked Tom, while Mr. Pye hastened away with the cloister keys.

"I tell ye I never see'd one! Can't you believe?" Tom did believe, and went after the master and Judy.

They entered the cloisters, and shouted out for Charles. Nothing answered them but the echoes. To see whether he was there, was impossible. Judy thought he might be lying somewhere, insensible from fright, and she ran up and down, feeling into niches, like one demented. Mr. Pye sent Tom back to old Ketch's to get a light, which was not supplied him without difficulty.

He was turning away with it, when Hamish came up. Hamish had been with all speed to Mr. Huntley's, to question Harry, as senior of the school, whether he knew what the trick of the night had been, and what boys were in it. Harry, however, who was in bed, assured Hamish of his entire ignorance. But for Mr. Huntley's veto, he would have got up and gone out to join in the search, and enjoyed it amazingly.

They carried the candle to every nook and corner of the cloisters, and no result arising from it, Hamish and Tom got over and searched the burial-ground. He was not there. No signs, for their keen eyes, or for any others, remained of the night's work: the college boys were cautious. A couple of matches, half burnt, lay on the ground, in the north quadrangle, but they told nothing. The boys were often lighting matches, as the master knew.

"I really think you must be mistaken in supposing Charles's absence has to do with this trick played to old Ketch—whatever it may have been," he observed. "It does not appear that the boys have been in the cloisters. Had any of them been locked in here, here they would be still."

There was no denying it, and they quitted the cloisters and closed them. The keys were conveyed to Ketch, who had to get out of bed again to receive them, which he did with a great amount of wrath. Mr. Pye thought it would prove that Charles must be at the house of one of the boys, carelessness or accident having detained him in it. And then he wished them good-night and went home.

Completely at a nonplus were they. Hamish, ever hopeful, thought Charles had perhaps returned home; and they bent their steps thither. No, no; Constance, Arthur, and curious Sarah, were all outside the street-door, looking every way. Constance was too agitated to remain still in-doors. Arthur had just returned home. He had been to the houses of some of the college boys, those with whom Charles was most intimate, but could obtain no tidings of him.

Constance burst into tears. She grew excessively alarmed, when Judy mentioned the doubt lest he had been shut in the cloisters.

"But that fear is done away with," said Hamish. "We have searched them thoroughly. Do not distress yourself, Constance."

"There goes midnight!" exclaimed Judy. "Ugh!" shivered Sarah. "I feel just as if somebody was walking over my grave, Miss Constance."

"If they were walking over you it mightn't be amiss," reprimanded Judith. "Don't talk such stuff as that, girl, in the young mistress's ears."

The words died away into silence, and they stood listening to the strokes of the deep-toned cathedral bell. With the last, twelve, another day had dawned upon the world. What would it bring forth for them?

"I shall go to the police station," said Hamish. "Constance, my dear, you had better not remain outside. Go in-doors."

It was well to say "Go in-doors," but in the agitation and suspense at that moment overwhelming Constance, "in-doors" was not so easy to bear. Hamish strode off, Tom following him. Arthur remained with his sister, waiting and watching still.

And so they waited and watched through the live-long night. Hamish was at work; the police were at work; Tom was at work; but neither sign nor trace could be found of Charles Channing. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THE gallant Colonel Kenly has arrived at Baltimore. Though still suffering from his wound, he is anxious to be exchanged and resume his place in the army.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has instructed Governor Stanley, of North Carolina, to recall his recent orders, to reopen the schools for the contrabands and to stop the remanding of fugitive slaves to their masters. (Denied.)

THE REBEL ACCOUNT.—The Vicksburg papers of the 31st, say that eleven of the United States gunboats have gone down the river. They say the fleet is no nearer the possession of the city now than it was two weeks ago, and that the insurmountable obstacles encountered below Vicksburg had caused disaffection among the Yankee troops, compelling the commanders to fall back to reorganize their forces.

ON the 20th of May, according to an official report from the Secretary of the Treasury, the Public Debt of the United States was $491,445,984, at an average interest of 4.35 per cent. The annual interest, at the above rate, is $21,377,900. The reason the interest averages so low, is owing to the $150,000,000 of notes which bear no interest, but pass as currency.

A STRANGE LOCOMOTIVE.—There is at West End station, N. J., (Bergen cut,) awaiting transportation to the West, a locomotive intended for use upon the western prairies, and to run upon common roads. It has driving wheels, propelled by cogs, of about ten feet in diameter, constructed with heavy sheet-iron. The wheels have about eighteen inches tread. It is an ungainly affair to push ahead with in a high wind. On a level it makes about five miles an hour.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE POPE TO LEAVE ROME.—It is said, on the authority of a distinguished member of the clergy at Paris—so the *Messager Franco-American*, of yesterday states—that the Pope will hold a council about the 12th or 15th of June, when, if the advices from France show no modification of the present position, on the breaking up of the council, he will take a solemn farewell of the prelates, leave the Pontifical States, and, with a good understanding with Austria and Spain, await the progress of events.—*N. Y. Express.*

IT is said that the State Department will make a satisfactory arrangement with the Minister of the Netherland in reference to the money seized under the Dutch flag in New Orleans by order of Gen. Butler.

Two thousand United States troops, (Pittsburg Landing prisoners) who were paroled by the rebels because they could not feed them, arrived at Nashville recently. They report great discontent in the rebel army.

THE Paris correspondent of the London Globe says considerable uneasiness prevailed on account of the part France is playing in Mexico. The restoration of the Union flag at New Orleans had caused fresh alarms. A million of North Americans, says the writer, drilled and armed, may, on a now possible termination of their civil struggles, assert the right to champion republican institutions on their southern frontier.

Some of the Paris journals are very angry with England for withdrawing from the Mexican expedition. The *Patrie* declares that it is nothing but treachery. The public think the expedition is an unprofitable affair for France. Some of the Paris papers are opposed to conquering Mexico for the purpose of placing an Austrian Archduke on the throne.

THE great plot to insurrect the Turkish Empire and raise in mass the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Poles, the Sclaves, and the Roumans of the southern provinces of Austria, and then attack in the rear the Austrian army in Venetia, has been nipped in the bud by the Italian Government.

PRAISEWORTHY.—An esteemed citizen of Worcester, Massachusetts, was in Boston recently, paying ninety per cent. of indebtedness incurred nearly thirty years ago, but of which, through misfortunes, he has heretofore been able to pay only ten per cent. Most of his creditors had forgotten all about the transactions.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A horse at New London belonging to Abner Bassett, having been pretty much worn out in hauling up vessels on marine railways by travelling around a capstan for ten years, now "goes through the motion" for hours every day, in a particular part of the lot where he is pastured. He "winds his round" in imagination with perfect steadiness and regularity, showing the force of horse habit.

☞ If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

A HEROINE.—There is a young lady named Miss Richmond, residing near Raleigh, whose heroic acts fully vie with those of the famous Miss Brownlow, of Tennessee. Her father is a daring Unionist, and recently escaped from an escort of rebels who had him in charge. Miss Richmond handles a musket, rifle or shot-gun with a precision equal to any sharpshooter, and is at any time ready to join the clan of which her father is the leader, whenever it is off on an expedition against the rebels. She will start off at any hour, alone, as a bearer of information, and, on horseback, thread the wild passes of the mountains, returning, sometimes, long after dark from her mission. From one of these expeditions she did not return until after midnight. Even among the mountaineers, she is regarded as a prodigy of courage and endurance.

☞ In one of the city churches, not many weeks ago, the clergyman concluded his sermon as follows:—"But I hear the rustling of silks in the pews, as if some of the ladies were impatient to leave; I will therefore say, God bless you all!"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for all kinds of Flour continues dull and unsettled, and the prices of the low grades of Western especially are irregular, and 12½@25c ₱ bbl lower than last week. The sales comprise some 8000 bbls only at $4,25@4,75 for common and good superfine, $4,75@5,75 for extra and extra family, the latter for choice Ohio, and $6@6,25 for fancy do, including 1200 bbls Western family. The sales to the trade have been light, within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality, and high grade fancies at $6.50@7 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is arriving and selling in a small way only at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is steady but quiet, with further sales of 800 bbls Penna Meal to note at $3,62½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair amount of Wheat offering, but with less activity in the demand; about 37,000 bus being taken, mostly for export, at 115@130c for good and choice Penna Reds, in store and afloat. Our lowest figures are now generally refused for good lots; 123@125c was also paid for Southern Red, and 125@130c for fair to good and choice White, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is steady, and about 5000 bus Penna found buyers at 66@66c, mostly at the latter rate. Corn has been in good request, and 35,000 bus were disposed of at 54@55c for prime Yellow, afloat, closing firm at the latter rate, which is a decline; 53@53c in store, and 40@50c for damaged lots, as to condition, including White at 60@62c, the latter afloat. Oats are better, and about 30,000 bus, mostly prime Penna, were disposed of at 39@40c, chiefly at the latter rate for 32 lbs. Some sales of fair Delaware were also made at 37c, but prime lots are held higher. Barley and Malt are unchanged and quiet.

PROVISIONS—There is little or no demand for the Hog product, and the market for all kinds is dull and drooping, mess pork selling, in a small way only, at $13@12,50, and prime at $9,25@9,50 ₱ bbl. Mess Beef is quoted at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. A sale of Beef Hams was made at $17 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off, in small lots only, at 5@8c for plain and fancy hams; 4¾@5c for shoulders, and 6¼@6½c for sides. Green Meats are unsettled and drooping; hams are quoted at 4½@5½c in salt, and 6@6½c in pickle; shoulders in salt at 3½@4¼c, and sides at 5¼@6c, and very dull. Lard is but little inquired for, with small sales of prime Western tierces at 8¼@8¾c, including about 500 tierces sold at these rates; kegs at 8½@9c, and country packed at 7¾@7¼c, cash and short time. Butter is selling on arrival at 10@12c for good and prime lots. Cheese is steady at 7¼@8¾c. Eggs are better, and command 11½@12c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The demand has been active and the market generally buoyant and firm; the week's sales reach some 300 bales taken at full prices, ranging from 27 to 32c, cash, the latter for middling quality.

ASHES—The market is firm, with light receipts and sales of both kinds.

BARK comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 Quercitron meets with ready sales at $33,50 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are also limited at $13@14 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering, and for good yellow the inquiry is limited at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market has been somewhat unsettled, owing to the reported damage occasioned by the late freshet in the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, and dealers are not disposed to sell at previous quotations. There is a good demand to go East, but the scarcity of suitable vessels has had a tendency to limit operations, and business is almost at a stand still.

COFFEE—The market is firm but very quiet, with further sales of only 900 bags at 19@21c for Rio, and 21@21½c for Laguayra, mostly of the former, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is unchanged and dull. About 2500 sheets Yellow Metal have been taken at 22c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—The demand has fallen off as usual at this season, and the market is very quiet at 40@42c, the stock is also very small.

FRUIT continues at a stand still and without any change in price or demand.

HAY is without much alteration, good Timothy selling moderately at 60@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market for both foreign and domestic is quiet, the stock being pretty much all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are inactive, but steady at 15@18c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal remains quiet but firm, with a few small sales of Anthracite to note at $23 for No 1, and $21 for No 2, on time. In Scotch Pig we hear of nothing doing. Manufactured Iron meets with a good demand, and prices are fully sustained.

LEAD—The stock is very light, and further sales of 500 pigs Galena have come under our notice, at $6,90 the 100 lbs, cash, and the market is firm but quiet for the want of stock.

LUMBER—There is only a moderate business doing in articles under this head. White Pine Boards selling as wanted at $14@16, and Yellow Sap do at $13@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been inactive. A cargo of Sagua sold on terms kept private; some Cuba in lots at 22@24c for clayed, and 27@31c for Muscovado, and Porto Rico at 35@37c, all on the usual terms; 149 casks of the latter sold by auction at 25½@34c, mostly 4 mos, and some 8 yrap at 33c.

PLASTER—There is not much offering or selling, and we quote Soft nominally at $2,25@2,50 ₱ ton, and dull.

RICE—There is a small business doing in East India at 5¼@6¼c ₱ lb. There is no Carolina here.

SPIRITS—There is very little Brandy or Gin selling, but prices are well maintained and firm. New England Rum is also quiet at 36@37c. Whiskey is firm, bbls selling as wanted at 24@25c, the latter for prime western; hhds at 23½c, and Drudge at 23c.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover or Timothy offering. The former is wanted at $4,50 and the latter at $1,75@1,87½ ₱ bushel. Flaxseed is better and quoted at $2@2,10, and scarce. About 2000 bags Calcutta Linseed, all in first hands, sold at $2,15@2,25 ₱ bushel.

SUGARS continue to arrive freely. Some 600 hhds, taken early in the week, at 7@8¼c for Cuba and 8¼@8¾c for Porto Rico, mostly of the former, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unchanged, and city is scarce and in demand, with sales of 50,000 lbs, at 8¾c ₱ lb. Country is worth 8c.

TOBACCO is without alteration in price or demand, and the market generally continues very quiet.

WOOL—The market for this staple continues unsettled and dull; there is very little of the new clip changing hands, and only a few small lots have been disposed of at 25@30c for unwashed, and 40@47c for washed. About 30,000 lbs Donskoi also sold on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1271 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9¼ cents ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 50 ₱ head. 9000 Sheep were sold at from $3 to 4,00 ₱ cwt gross. 783 Hogs sold at $4,50 to 5,00 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Marble Hall, Montgomery county, Pa., June 5, 1862, by the Rev. S. Sentman, Mr. COLLINS W. WALTON, of this city, to Miss MAGGIE H. HITNER, of the former place.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. C. Bird, of Baltimore, WILLIAM P. BIRD, M. D., of South River, Md. to SALLIE M. daughter of John Wright Esq. of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, JOHN R. IRWIN, of this city, to IDA ADELLE, daughter of P. S. White, Prothonotary of the District Court of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. OLIVER CAMPBELL, to Miss ELLEN McBRIDE, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. D. Kennedy, Mr. JOSHUA CATHCART, of Tuckerton, N. J. to Mrs. LYDIA A. GODFREY, of Cape May, N. J.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, WALTER HART, to MARY B. SNIDER, both of this city.

On the 14th of Nov. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, DAVID G. WILSON, to CARRIE E. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. BENJAMIN H. WISLER, to Miss MERIAN A. SHAW, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, ANNA E. wife of Eli K. Price.

On Tuesday, the 3d instant, ALFRED SLADE, in his 43th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. ALEXANDER WALLACE, in his 24th year.

On the 2d instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Henry Jones, in her 32d year.

On the 2d instant, MARIA, wife of Jesper Harding.

On the 1st instant, Mr. THOMAS WHITE, in his 33d year.

On the 2d instant, JOHN STEMPLE, Sr. in his 74th year.

Suddenly, on the 1st instant, MARY ISABELLA, wife of Lieut. John S. Riehl, in her 31st year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. JANE, wife of Captain Wm. Lynch, aged 56 years.

On the 1st instant, REBECCA HELMS, wife of the late Aaron Helms, in her 88th year.

Suddenly, on the 30th ultimo, ROBERT HARVEY, in his 51st year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. DAVID C. HESS, in his 43d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1862.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	½ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City par to ¼ prem.	
Georgia	50 dis.	New York state	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,

Of all flavors, as follows:

CABANAS, at $6 ₱ 100.
LA RITICA, at $8 ₱ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
LA EMPRESSA, at $3 ₱ 100.

COLD, SPARKLING

SODA WATER,

Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada. dec21-1y

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS

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☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.

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Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD,

THE SHOWMAN.

[The following extracts are from a volume by Artemus Ward, the Showman, recently published by Carleton, of New York:]

A BUSINESS LETTER.

To the Editor of the ——

Sir:—I am movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizinis in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—'twould make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated pirats and murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizinis down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your office. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a trememjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public somehow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery, if your pepie take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life and sole of the Sosbul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anything abowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmless as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My Kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your influounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills, that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office.—My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whose didn't.

Respectively yures, A. Ward.

VISITS THE SHAKERS.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A sojum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axt me was I athurst, and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd, "a few." She went orf, and I endevered to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizinis—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"A stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseehus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin hot water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walkt out of the room.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as pooty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear, but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I,

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah?"

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's hav sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner.—What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em.—As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They were full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet, of course, so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I,

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I *yayed*.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

The company then drew round the table and the Sirkle kommenst to go it. They axed me if there was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I said if Bill Tomkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizinis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperrit of William Tomkins present?" sed I of the long-haired chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show bizinis, William," sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he and John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stirred up the animals and ground the organ, while he tended the door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the pepie with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship, without saddul or bridal. They were rehearsin Dixey's Land, & expected it would knock the pepie.

Sez I:

"William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?"

He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sirkle said he had gone.

"Air you gone, William?" I axed.

"Raythor," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

I then called for my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verasserty.—When I helpt you into the show bizinis, I told you to dignerfy that there professhun.—Litteratoor is low."

He also stated that he was doin middlin well in the peanut bizinis, & liked it pooty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

STRONG-MINDED FEMALE.

From Detroit I go West-ward hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand, and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them.

"What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the pepie in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockins & be a ser-*love* of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?"

Saying which, the eccentric female whirled her umbrella round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizinis," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please."

She sot down.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand on my shoulder, and sed,

"Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye!"

"*It stingeth like a Adder, and biteth like a Serpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is going on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example b4 him he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe-makin bizinis," I replide.—"I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, sir," I observed, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizinis better."

I was a little riled at the feller, becawz I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. I arterwards larned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Asid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.

In the Autumn of 18—, my frend the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obleged to leave perfesernal dooties & go & dig Taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordingly I ground up his shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the exchanges for one issoo, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Brances, which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Road offiss and axed the Sooperintendent for a pars.

"*You* a editer?" he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin.

"Yes, sir," sez I. "Don't I look poor enuff?"

"Just about," sed he, "but our road can't pars you."

"Can't, hay?"

"No, sir, it can't."

"Becauz," sez I, lookin him full in the face with a Eagle eye, "*it goes so darned slow it can't pars anybody!*"

Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him and went.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT AT HOME.

Young Sawbones.—"Now, mother, shall I give you a cut of the dorsal muscle, or would you prefer a slice of the psoas?"

OUR LANGUAGE.

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she remarked, "See what a *flock* of ships." We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a *fleet*, and a fleet of sheep was called a *flock*.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language with respect to its nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a *bevy*, and a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a shoal of Buffalo is called a *herd*, and a herd of children is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentle folks is called the *elite*, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the *roughs*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the *community* or the *public*, according as they are spoken of as the religious "community" or the secular "public."

☞ A gentleman observed an urchin who had a large slice of bread in his hand, and who was crying very bitterly. "My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about?" "Mother won't—boo, boo, oo—put any butter on my bread—boo, oo!" "Oh, is that all!" said the gentleman. "Come, dry up your tears and be a man." "It ain't so much the butter," retorted the urchin; "it's the disposition of the old woman!"

☞ Lord Byron made a comparison of divers languages with music. "The Russian tongue," says he, "is like a kettle-drum; the German like a bass-viol; French as a wedding-hymn; the Italian like an Æolian harp; the English only being the human voice."

☞ The robin taps on the ground, the worm puts out its head to see what is there, and the bird seizes and devours it.

Agricultural.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SKUNK.

We must say a good word in behalf of that much abused animal, the *Mephitis Americana*. You think at once of his bad name, of the eggs he has stolen, of the setting hens and turkeys he has broken up, of the roosts he has invaded, and the breezes he has polluted. Mr. Skunk is guilty of some misdemeanors, as all useful animals are. The cat catches your chickens, the dog runs mad and destroys man and beast with his virus, the horse runs away, smashes the carriage, and breaks your bones, the cow breaks down the shrubbery with her wicked horns, and the hogs get into the corn. They are all very good creatures in their place, not so good out of it. The same can be said of our hero. Possibly the hen roost might have been made proof against vermin, and the fowls might have been confined to a yard—to your profit as well as to the safety of the eggs. If the eggs were out of place, the wandering animal whose instinct prompts him to eat eggs, wherever he finds them, is hardly so much to blame as the owner of the eggs. The eggs which you leave at loose ends are only a fair compensation for his services. All summer long he roams your pastures at night, picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose potato hills where many worms are at work. He is after the grubs, not the tubers. He takes possession of the apartments of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon your clover field or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of that unmitigated nuisance. With this white backed sentinel around, you can grow clover in peace, and the young turnips will flourish. Your beans will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden sauce will be safe from other vermin. The most careless observation of his habits shows that he lives almost exclusively upon insects. While you sleep he is busy doing your work, helping to destroy your enemies. In any fair account kept with him the balance must be struck in his favor. Thus among the animals we often find friends under the most unpromising appearances, and badly abused men are not unfrequently the benefactors of society.—*American Agriculturist.*

ROUT THE CURCULIO.

This enemy of the plum can be routed without the old and laborious process of jarring the trees, and gathering the insects upon sheets. The following remedy has been several years before the public, and has the recommendation of Mr. Cummings, and some of our best pomologists. The writer has used it with success and now feels as sure of the plum crop as of pears. To one pound of whale oil soap, add four ounces of flowers of sulphur. Mix the mass thoroughly with a spatula or knife, and dissolve in about twelve gallons of water, stirring it well.

To one-half peck of quick lime, add four gallons of water and stir well together. When fully settled, pour off the transparent lime water, and add it to the soap mixture. Add to the same, also, say four gallons of tolerably strong tobacco water. Apply this mixture when thus incorporated, with a garden syringe, to your plum or other fruit trees, so that the foliage shall be well drenched. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient. It should be repeated after rains until the stone is hardened. When the plum is about the size of a pea is the best time to apply it, but it is effectual upon all plums not yet stung at any stage of their growth. This mixture is good for cherries, and all fruits troubled with insects.—*American Agriculturist.*

Why Trout are Disappearing.—By some it is charged to the sawdust, but we think it is more owing to the destruction of forests, and change of temperature of the water. Owing to the clearing of the banks, many streams, from the first gushing spring to their mouths, at some large river, are now exposed to the full force of noonday sun, until the water is heated to a degree as fatal to brook trout as ice would be to a tropical plant. The streams that still retain trout, are those which are so largely supplied with cold spring water that the temperature is kept at a healthy point, notwithstanding the denuded state in the land. Sawdust has no more effect upon the fish than rotting leaves and wood in the forest streams.

The washing of cultivated fields, by which the water is made impure, has more effect upon fish of all sorts than sawdust, or, in our opinion, lime, in such quantities as result from any manufacturing establishment. This fact must be kept always in view in establishing artificial ponds for fish-breeding.—Make them where the water will not be riled by every shower.

Scarcity of Pure Arabian Mares.—The Arab's love for their mares, and the jealous care with which such animals are treasured in the East, have formed the subject of many an interesting story. There is no difficulty in obtaining any number of Arab stallions, for example, of the very purest blood; but it is next to impossible to procure an Arabian mare of very high reputation. A modern writer on the subject tells us that it is even considered a crime to sell one under any circumstances; and in proof of the resolute opposition to the practice, a case is related as having lately occurred in Calcutta, where some Abrabian dealers had sold their horses, and in consequence of a heavy bribe one was induced to part with his mare. Some weeks after, when the dealers had already gone homeward, the senior of his party was observed to have returned to the city, a distance of several hundred miles; he lurked about for some days; subsequently it was discovered that he had inquired for the stables where the mare was kept; she was found poisoned, and he had disappeared.

BOX-EDGING.

When properly planted and managed, there is no border edging so chaste or permanent as Box. It is hardy, grows readily, and if carefully and rightly pruned, will last six or eight years without re-setting. It can be propagated about as well from the tops as the entire plant, and makes a prettier growth. The fault of those not understanding its nature, is shallow, uneven planting. It is usually stuck in a few inches deep, and left struggling on the top of the ground, with three or four times as much *top* and three or four times less *bottom* than it ought to have. The following simple directions will be found to be all that is necessary:

Set the line taut where the edging is desired. Dig spade deep on the border side and a little shallower on the alley way—pulverize the soil well—put the box to the bottom, not minding if it double up somewhat, then pack in tightly with soil, press down with the foot, leaving only from one and a-half to two inches of the top out of the ground. There will be no danger of it not growing, or of producing full foliage *at the ground*.

Box should not be planted where the ground is naturally very wet, or where there is standing water. Set this depth, the frost never heaves it out.

Box should be pruned not beyond the 20th of April—at least we prefer to have it done in this month by that date. It should be cut with shears, equally on both sides, *to a point*, and not below the previous year's growth. By this method the edging remains green in early summer, instead of brown in the centre, sometimes resulting in death, by the usual way of cutting it off horizontally. If this mode is once tried, the other will be forever abandoned.

Where box-setting is not understood, and our directions not likely to be carried out, it is much better to employ a gardener to perform the work properly.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Digging is Hard Work.—In digging a square perch, rod, or pole of ground, in spite of the usual dimensions (7 by 8 inches), the spade has to be thrust in 700 times; and as each spadeful of earth, if the spade penetrates 9 inches, as it ought to do, will weigh on the average full 17 lbs., 11,900 lbs. of earth have to be lifted, and the customary pay for doing this is 2½d. In digging an acre, the laborer has to cut out 112,000 spadefuls of earth, weighing about 17,000 cwts., or 850 tons, and during the work he moves over a distance of 14 miles. As the spade weighs between 8 and 9 lbs., he has to lift, in fact, half as much more weight than specified above, or 1,278 tons. An able-bodied laborer can dig ten square perches per day, if the soil be light and moderately moist.

Useful Receipts.

Potatoes in Haste.—A very nice little dish of potatoes may be made in five minutes, or less if the water is boiling. Peel and cut some potatoes in slices, a quarter or half inch thick; pour on them boiling water enough to cover them, and let them boil till tender; skin them, then add butter with flour worked in proportion to the quantity of potatoes; let it boil up once, add a little chopped parsley, and serve, with the addition of pepper to taste.

Cheap Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk with the rind of a lemon; strain and boil again. Mix one table spoonful of flour with two of cold milk, stir in; let it boil a minute; take it from the fire, and when cool, add three eggs, beaten; sweeten to taste, and bake in crust, in a quick oven.

Dumplings.—In boiling dumplings, or any kind of paste, the cover should never be removed nor the water allowed to cease boiling until the paste is done; when it should be taken off before it becomes soaked and heavy.

Protection Against Moths.—The best security against the depredation of moths is to place the muff, boa, cuffs, etc., in a glazed holland bag, and tie them closely up. Supposing them to be entirely free from the moth when thus enclosed, no harm can happen to them, as these winged destroyers cannot enter to lay their eggs. The moths that fly about in the dark do not destroy cloth of any kind.

Beer.—Beer made in the following way has a fine color as well as a fine taste: Two gallons of water, a large handful of hops, fresh gathered spruce, and one quart of wheat bran: boil two or three hours, strain and stir in while hot two cups of treacle. When lukewarm pour into a clean barrel, and add a pint of yeast. Shake it well together, and use next day. For bottling beer or ale, let the bottles be clean and dry; put in each bottle a small piece of lump sugar; fill the bottles from a newly tapped cask, cork the bottles well, and keep for about a fortnight before use.

Dutch Cheese.—The "farmer's girl," who can make "up-top Dutch cheese," and tells how it is done, is no doubt an adept in the art. I know a farmer's wife who has made "lots" of it, and thinks none can make better. She pours boiling water over the thick milk in the pans. The curd should be moved gently with a spoon, that the water may reach the bottom of the pan. The curd and whey will separate in a few minutes; pour off the whey, and if the curd is too tender, pour over it hot water the second time, and move the curd about as at first; then pour off the water, and put the curd in a thin, coarse cloth, and hang it up to drain an hour or two; then add salt, a little butter or cream, or both; work it in and make into balls. This way is preferred to heating the milk over the fire, or upon a stove, and is much less work and trouble. Try it and see if you do not like it better.—*Mrs. Lyman.*

☞ Col. Willich, who was wounded in the Shiloh battle, says, "That was schust as hard fighting as I want." The observation was as honest and straightforward as any that has been made during the war, and the man who uttered it was exactly the reverse of a braggart, and consequently a brave man.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 16, 21, 14, 11, 7, was a celebrated conqueror and founder of the Persian empire.

My 8, 9, 29, 5, is an island in the Mediterranean sea noted as the temporary residence of Bonaparte when first dethroned.

My 28, 17, 14, 8, 4, 20, 8, 9, 29, is one of the Lipari islands off the coast of Sicily.

My 9, 29, 6, 23, 25, 9, is a genus of plants consisting of trees or shrubs mostly aromatic, and often remarkable for the beauty of their foliage.

My 16, 30, 7, 2, 19, 10, 23, 13, is a country in Hindostan, which on account of its fertility the Asiatics call Garden of Eternal Spring.

My 2, 3, 14, 5, 1, 27, 11, 7, was a hero of ancient Rome, and is said to have defended with two others the Sublician bridge against the whole Etruscan army under Porsena.

My 7, 27, 9, 3, 22, 20, is a fountain under the walls of Jerusalem between the city and the brook Kidron. The waters of this fountain ebb and flow. The fact has not been accounted for; but testimony has been borne to it by as recent a traveller as Dr. Robinson.

My 24, 11, 27, 9, 15, 14, 29, 18, 7, the residence of the French monarchs on the right bank of the Seine in Paris.

My 19, 23, 6, 27, 19, 2, were the priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. The sacrifice of human beings is uniformly represented a part of their worship. They celebrated their religious rites in consecrated groves.

My whole was one of the seven wonders of the world. HARP DAVIS.

Warren, Vermont.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the dim twilight of the moon
Ushers in the new-born day,
Reluctantly we move our forms,
From my first—are up—away.
To mingle in the busy train
Until the day draws to a close,
Then gladly we seek it again
To find surcease from all earth's woes.

Not much but what my second's done,
Not much there is it cannot do,—
As limitless as the great sun—
As boundless as the azure blue;
Kingdoms have vanished, empires grew,
Republics waned, withered and died,
And still the world's busy throng
Are carried on its endless tide.

The setting sun sinks to his rest—
Dim grows the splendor of the blue;
The pale crescent in the west
Grows faint;—the evening dew
Falls on closed flowers;—'tis the time
That mortals ought my whole to call—
Kind reader, I need tell no more,
Good-night—sweet dreams to all.

Oquawka, Ill.

CHARADE.

My first is often gained by play, and always leaves a scar;
My second is the queen of every British tar;
My whole's a weapon always used in every naval war.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The base of a plane triangle is 78 perches; the perpendicular is 48 perches, and the angles at the extremities of the base are as 1 to 2. Required the other two sides of the triangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the least triangle which can be formed by the radii produced and a tangent line to the quadrant of a circle whose radius is 10 feet?

S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man who walks behind a chimney-sweep like a card player? Ans.—Because he "follows soot."

☞ What philosopher was eminently adapted to the discussion of the properties of heat? Ans.—Boyle (boil).

☞ Why is the mark known as the *cedilla* in the French alphabet like a pearl? Ans.—Because it is to be found at the bottom of the ç (sea).

☞ Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other letter in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of secession and the end of Jeff. Davis.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why would our army be better equipped if they all had corns? Ans.—Because they would be provided with *sharpshooters*.

C. L. NEWBOLD.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Kilutebewskaja in Kamtschatka. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Learning is wealth to the poor and an ornament to the rich." ENIGMA—New Carlisle Collegiate Institute. RIDDLE—Geo. Washington.

Answer to my ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, published May 3. A travelled 4 miles an hour, and B travelled 3 miles an hour; the drove travelled 2 miles an hour, and the express travelled 5 miles an hour. The distance from C to D is 350 miles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to A. D. Y.'s PROBLEM of May 3. Width of walk 1.8606 rods. Circumference of remaining ⅞ of park 55.2593 rods.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Hildebert Kobel, published May 17. 14 A., 2 R., 1.4 P. H. HARRY MOORE, Walcott, Scott Co., Iowa. 14.57 acres. PHILO, Cardington, Ohio. 14 A., 91.3708 P. DANIEL DIEFENBACH, Pa.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by ARTEMAS MARTIN, published May 10. The longest side will be 352 perches. The other sides will be 308 and 176 perches nearly. NEANDER, Cardington, Morrow Co., Ohio.

Answer to SURVEYING PROBLEM by S. G. CAGROIN, published May 17. 79.44, 88.19, and 50.76 rods. PHILO, Cardington, Ohio.